

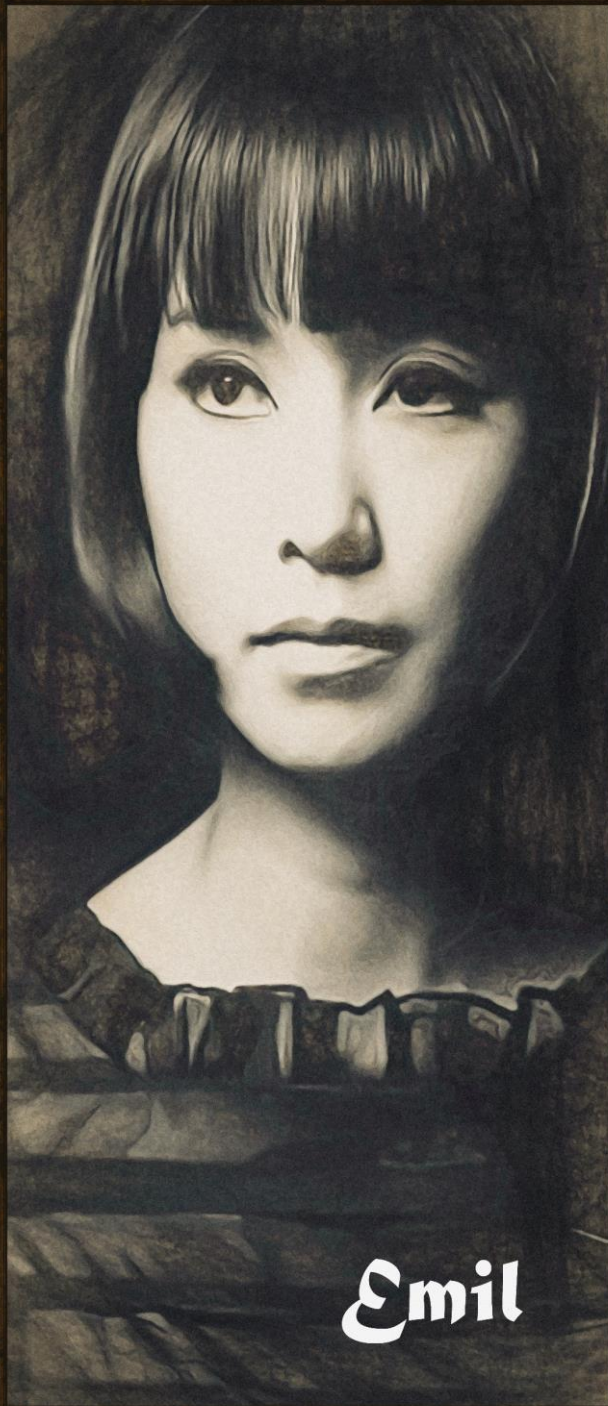


# Emil's Fall Catalog

WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES



Emil



Emil

Emil











# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## THIS IS PART TWO...WE THINK?

Emil seems to be on the road...low on funds... maybe it was a godsend for us here at WWWG that Emil ended up in India with not even pocket change...it seemed to have forced Emil to become productive...in a weird sort of way as this flashback issue that somehow is supposed to represent Emil's bygone (and I am sure not well remembered by Emil) hippy days...from the Summer of Love all the way to being in the wrong place at the wrong time when all those hippies said we are going down to the park to protest...that was the main night of the Police Riots in Chicago 1968...very funny story... at least when it happens to Emil.

**ANYWAY!**

Seine LaGone, Editor - **WWWG Productions Ltd.**









# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

Ever since I was little there has been some fire-n-brimstone preacher warning me that the end was near and that I needed to get my house in order...

## REPENT!

Forsake the pleasures of life and wonder out through the Wadi El-Arabah seeking God's forgiveness while done in tasteful, sack cloth and spread ashes - a reference to a neo-classical education...actually not, as I never did learn any of this in any school I ever attended including the









# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

Fred Flintstone School of Teaching at Ole Bedrock U...by in fact, I do have a weariness and more than a little disappointment with the prophecy of doom and of the coming end times.

OH! Yea! Damn them Mayans...

I waited my whole life for that 2012 capstone and what happens... nothing!

Big bust just like 2000 (two-one-key) ...

## NOTHING!

I will confuse to the fact that God help any Mayan who comes into my shop...









# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

I sorry to say that they will not get a friendly greeting from me and if they protest, maybe... a swift boot to their butts!

## HUSKERS!

I was depending upon them to help resolve my financial calamities and misadventures...it was the basis of my potential ability to retire without misery and distress...on a sunny isle off the coast of the Floriday...lounging about smelling of three-day old, Cuban Rum and stale cigar smoke and an









# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

angry waiter wanting to know if there was anyone he could call to settle our bill other than the constable?

Shame be on all of them!

The false prophets and Saracens who have lead me to this current state of financial end times... A thousand years from now...deep in the dark declines of the caravan caves, there will be some...husker...some

## NEW AGE SHAMAN

with a burning passion, fiery eyed and babbling in a garbled, ranting tone of a wild man prophet as



Emil



Emil

Emil





# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

he wrenchingly screams that the

# "END IS NEAR...!"

Campers! I was of the generation that bought into all this Andrew George Latta existence of lusting for carnage...breaking news at eleven...stay tune! Why build a future? Why make plans? Invest in Arizona Beach Front Condos...yes, Bubba!

I feel that I need to find someone to sue! Thank God that I never had the ambition or skills to do law school...otherwise, I have an itemized





Emil



Emil







Emil

# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

list...chronological order, mind you...of people  
needing a good class action suit...

Senior Latta was right and the only thing constant  
is that people are as dumb as sheep and when

## THE WOLVES

do show up...we will never see them coming.

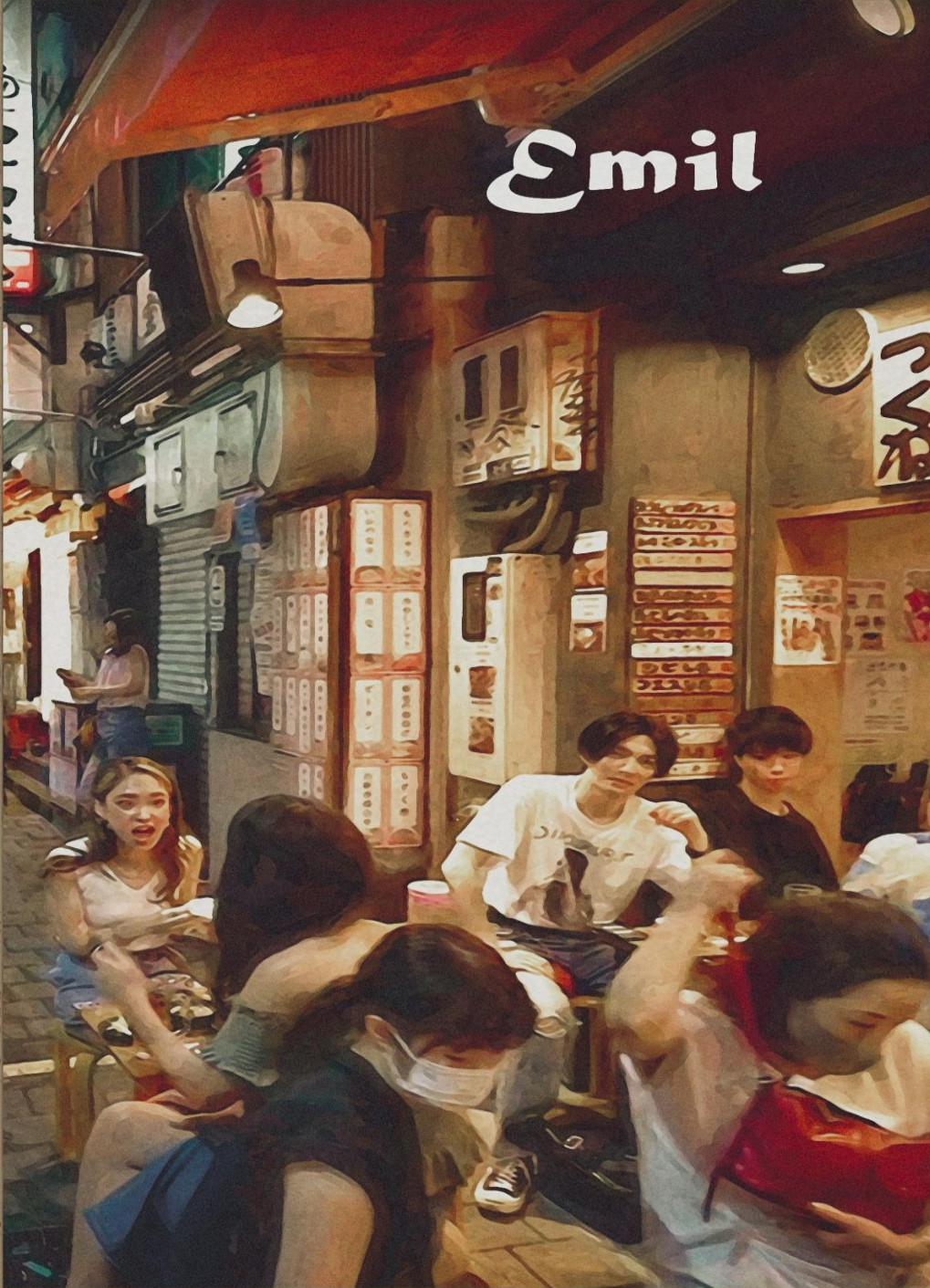
Although I do disagree to an extent ...

In fact, I think that us sheep have been sold a bill  
of goods by the shepherds...think about it...

“What if there are no wolves?”



Emil



Emil







Emil

# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

What if this was a conspiracy to keep us herded together to protect ourselves from the non-existent image of hungry wolves and all the while it was meant to control us and make us easier to control through panic and fear...

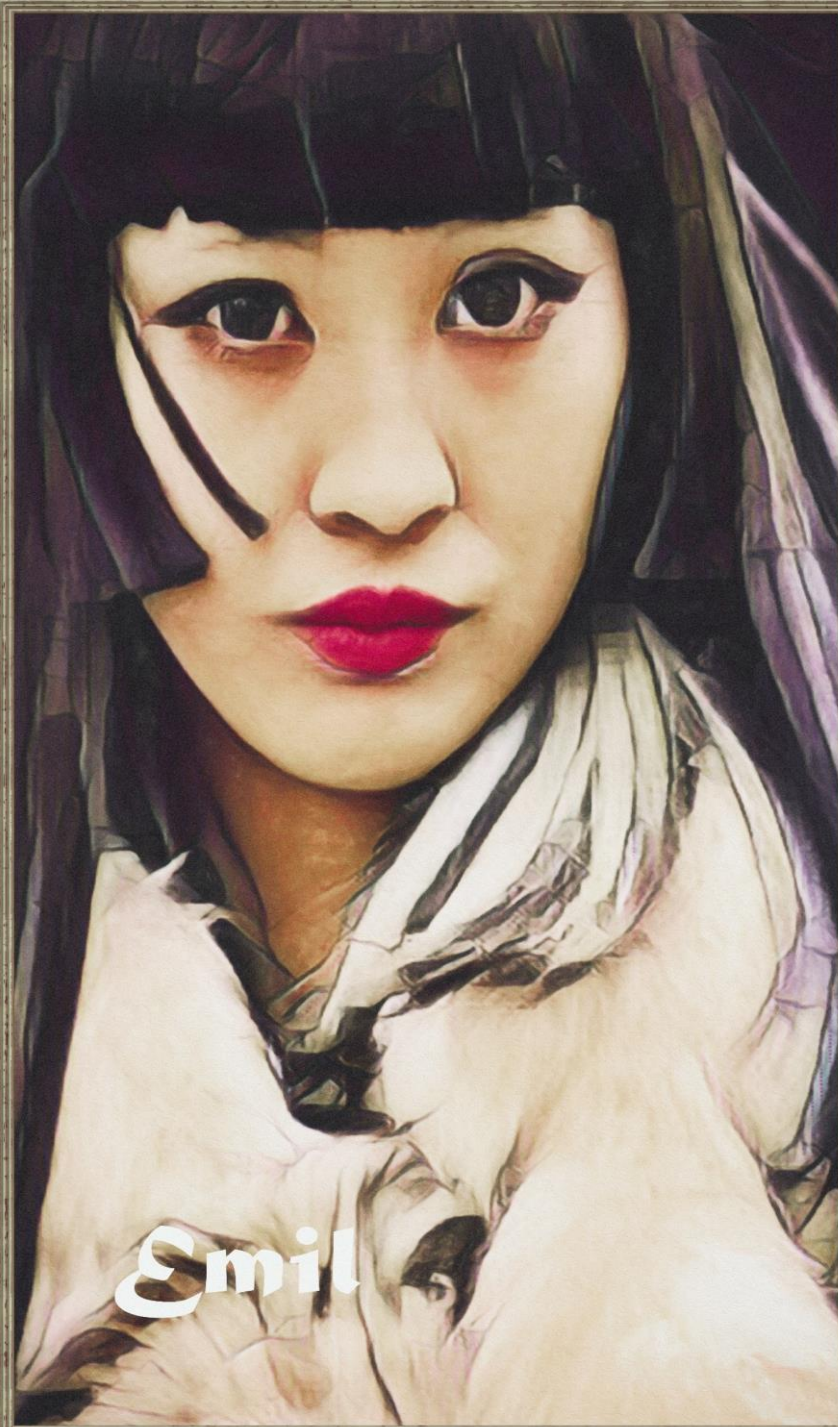
What is wolves are vegetarians?

## WHO KNOWS?

Do you?

Have you ever had a heart-to-heart with one about their dietary practices? I thought not? The fear of the unknown...and almost a hundred







# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

years ago, FDR told us that we had nothing to fear but "fear itself..."

He told us up front...didn't blink...didn't look away! He looked us directly in the eye and told us that we were about to be conned and several years later, we are helplessly embarked upon a period of the

## "AMERIKA TIME" DESTINY

As my buddy, Larry Nichols always use to try and teach us was that when you want to hide the deepest, darkest truths or the most valuable of assets...hide all your secrets out in plain view...



Emil









# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

tell the rubes up front that you are about to  
fleece them, steal their wallet and reduce them  
to share croppers in the land of plenty...

It is then not his fault...

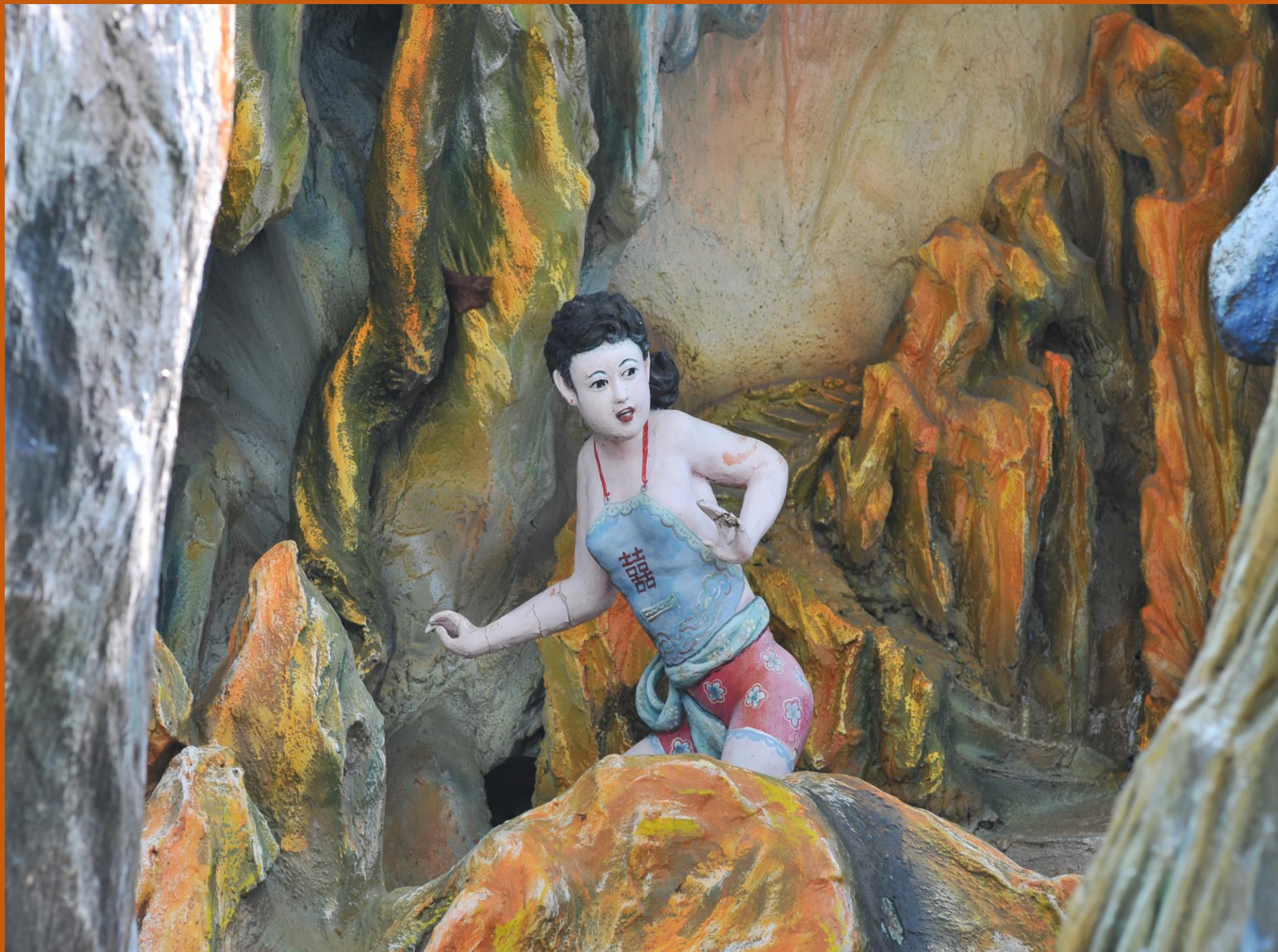
he warned us from the get-go...

For all my life, I lived with the mantra that the  
end is here and had it not been for the  
underlining...

## DUCK-N-COVER

kiss our asses goodbye...the collective fear  
component that made our parents built multi-









# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

story, deluxe fallout shelters stocked with cans of string beans and a complete collection of National Geography, I would have endeavored to live in a life more dedicated to a true

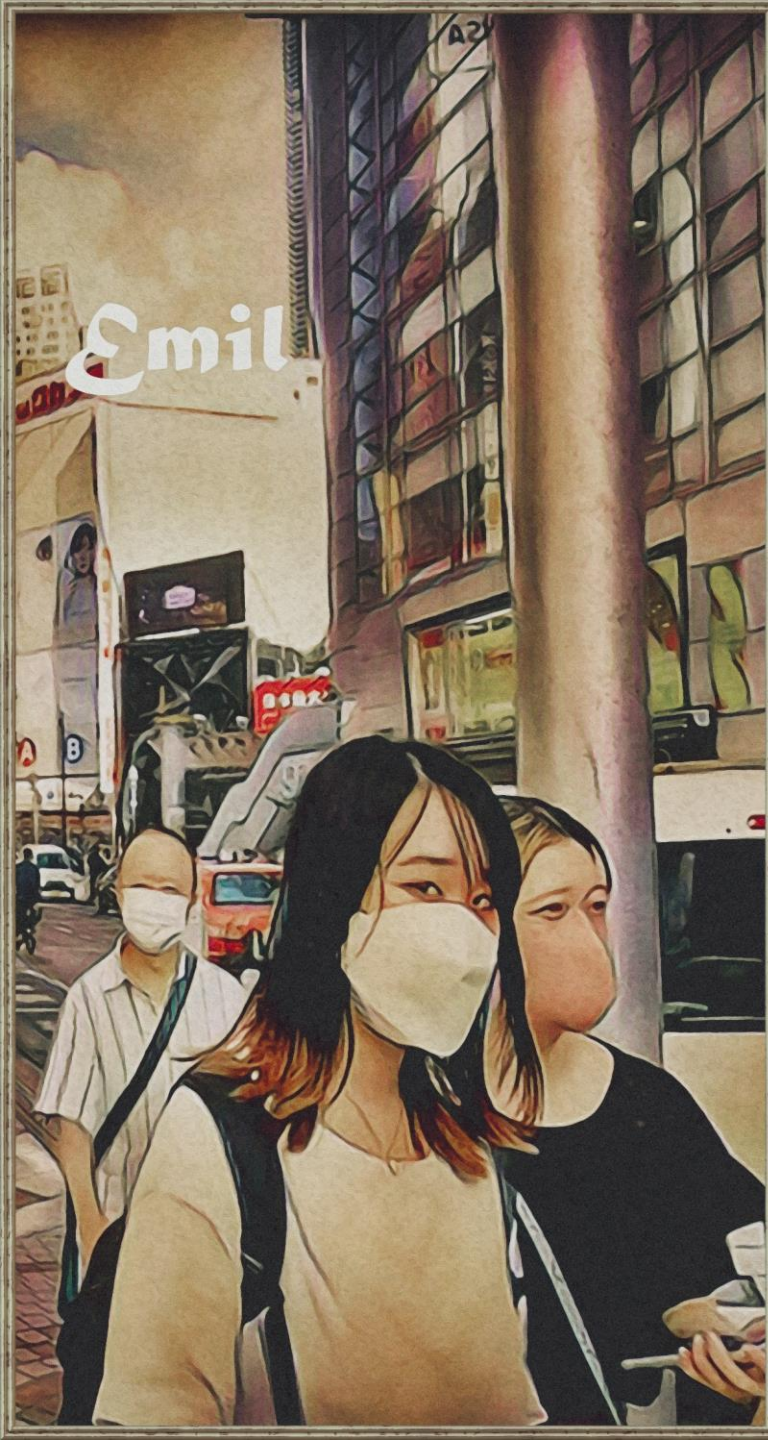
## VAQUERO DRUNKENNESS

existence that we put on this planet to live and would have gotten myself lost in total lust for Baucis...such a sweet little thing...a lady of true wonderment and the mere sway of her hips would drive any mortal man crazy with lust and desire that only Charlie Pierre would appreciate and be able to write down in complete sentences









# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

where even the parish priest would understand  
and then blush...what was that dude's name?  
Baudelaire...

## WASN'T IT?

Man, there was a man who knew and  
appreciated a good strong drink...

## LORDY!

He could drink like a true man but, I always had





Emil



# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

the troubling thought that there was more Oscar Wilde than Casanova hidden behind his

## HEMMINGWAY EXTERIOR

although, whatever was his persuasion didn't take away from his deeper message and even though, what he wrote, they were not hummable tunes and probably would, to the new generations, seem to be just another corny, Victorian prick of money and means, with way too much time to dally about writing poetry on the unscrupulous vestiges of love and portrait all of the hidden, promiscuous nature of all the 19th





Emil



Emil







# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

century's huskers and their associated, upper  
class lounge lizards prancing about the streets of

## LONDON OR OLE PARIE

They said, that Oscar loved small animals and was  
always the best of friends to any lost soul  
discarded by Victorian Society...

## THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY

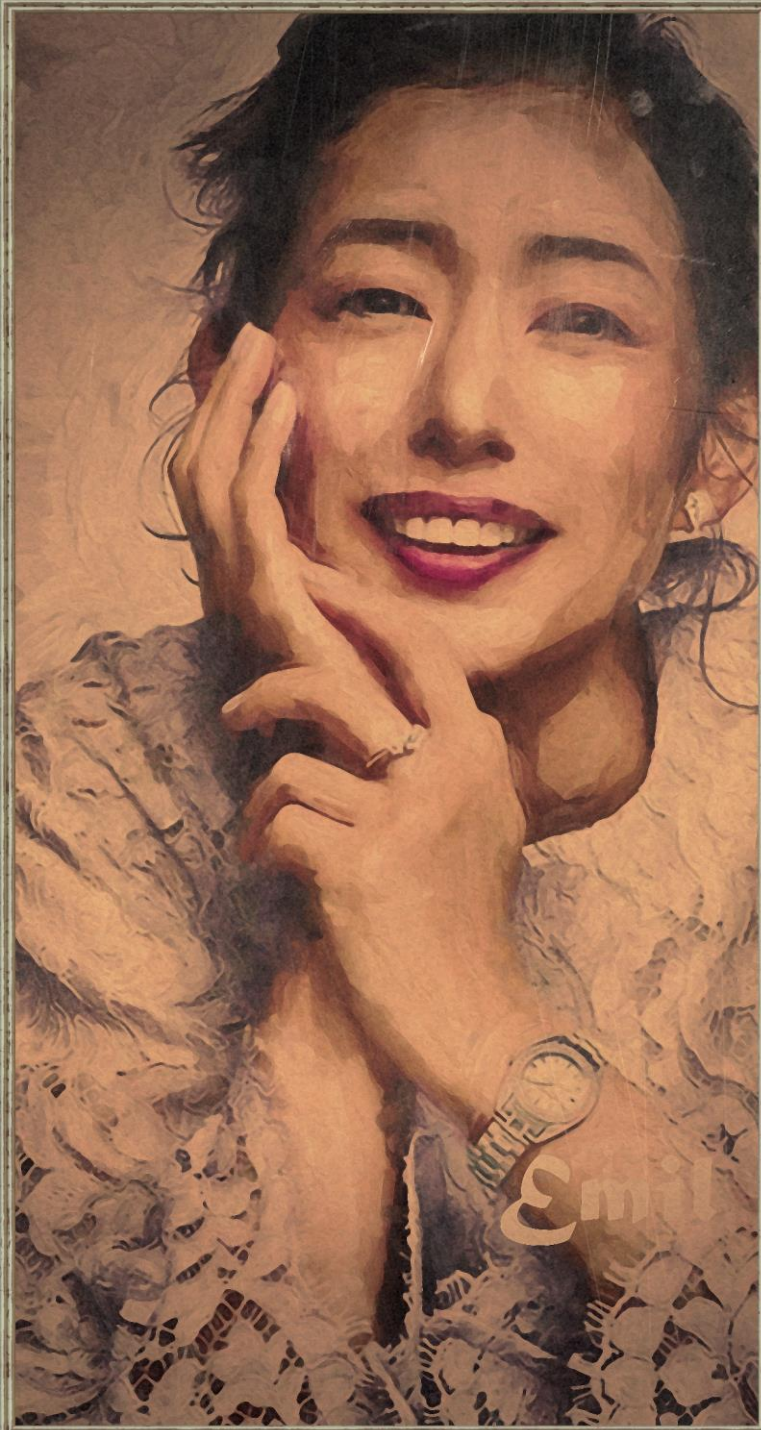
Sorry, got carried away...

I still get totally lost in my echoed memories of  
those long remembered nights of our own  
prancing and dancing up and down the wide









# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

boulevards of the central district of Paris back in yet another "End Times" of the so-called, great war and even now, the mere thought that in two more days, Claudie and I are headed back to the northern trenches and if there was a true hell, we were about to be resented to the greatest

**"C'EST PLUS GU'UN CRIME"**

of my generation or what little remains of it...  
is more than I can handle on any rational  
means...the emotions are still too raw...

The memories are still too fresh and cutting.

Minnie actually said most of this on that last night

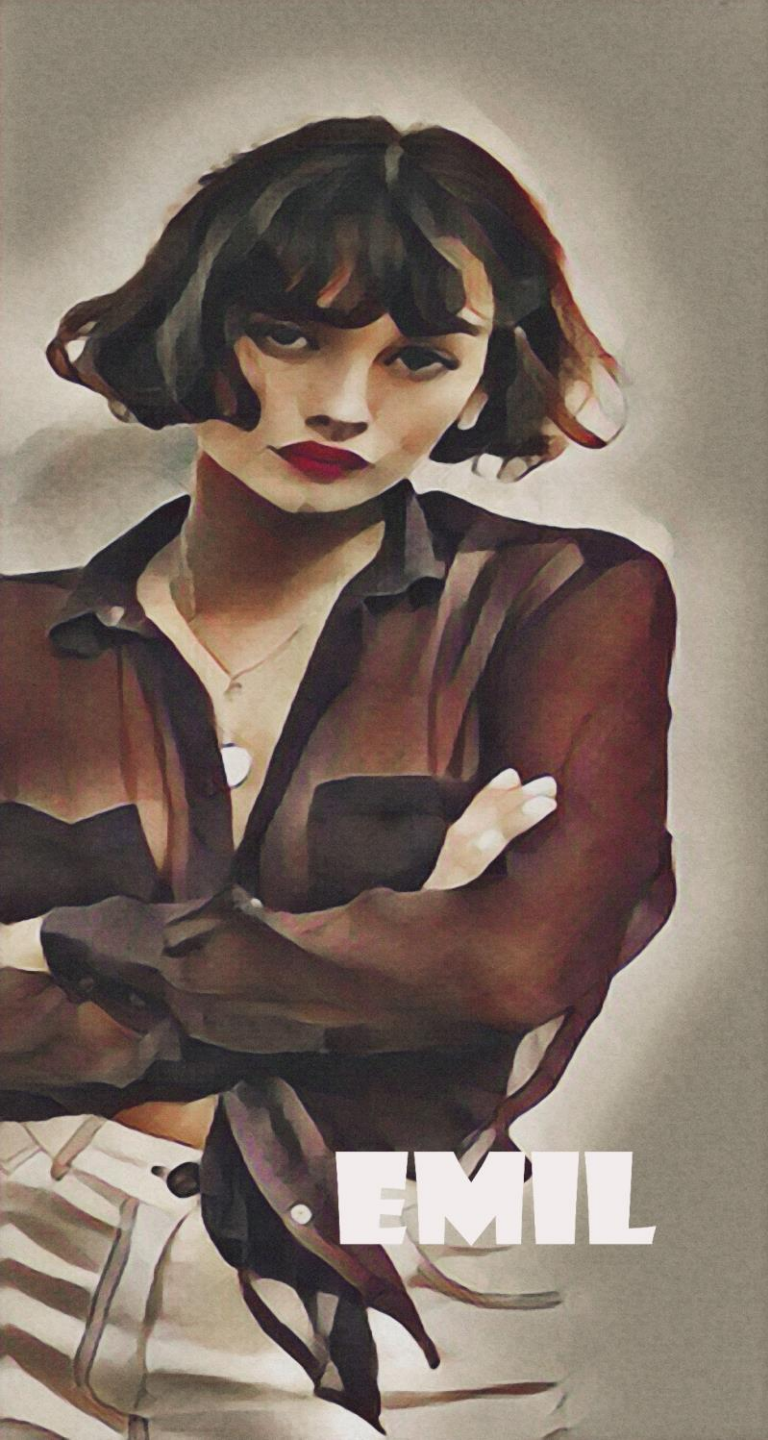


Emil



Emil





# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

as we sat by the riverside and shared a  
bottle...well more than a bottle...of the wine  
country's finest...give credit where it is due and  
there was still a debt that still needs to be

## FORECLOSED ON

“Why should you go back?”

I still hear her refrain echoing at the core of my  
soul and is a question that even today, I have  
never had a descent answer for.

“Who would miss a couple of vagabond blokes on  
the road to reclaim life...?”

EMIL





Emil





Emil

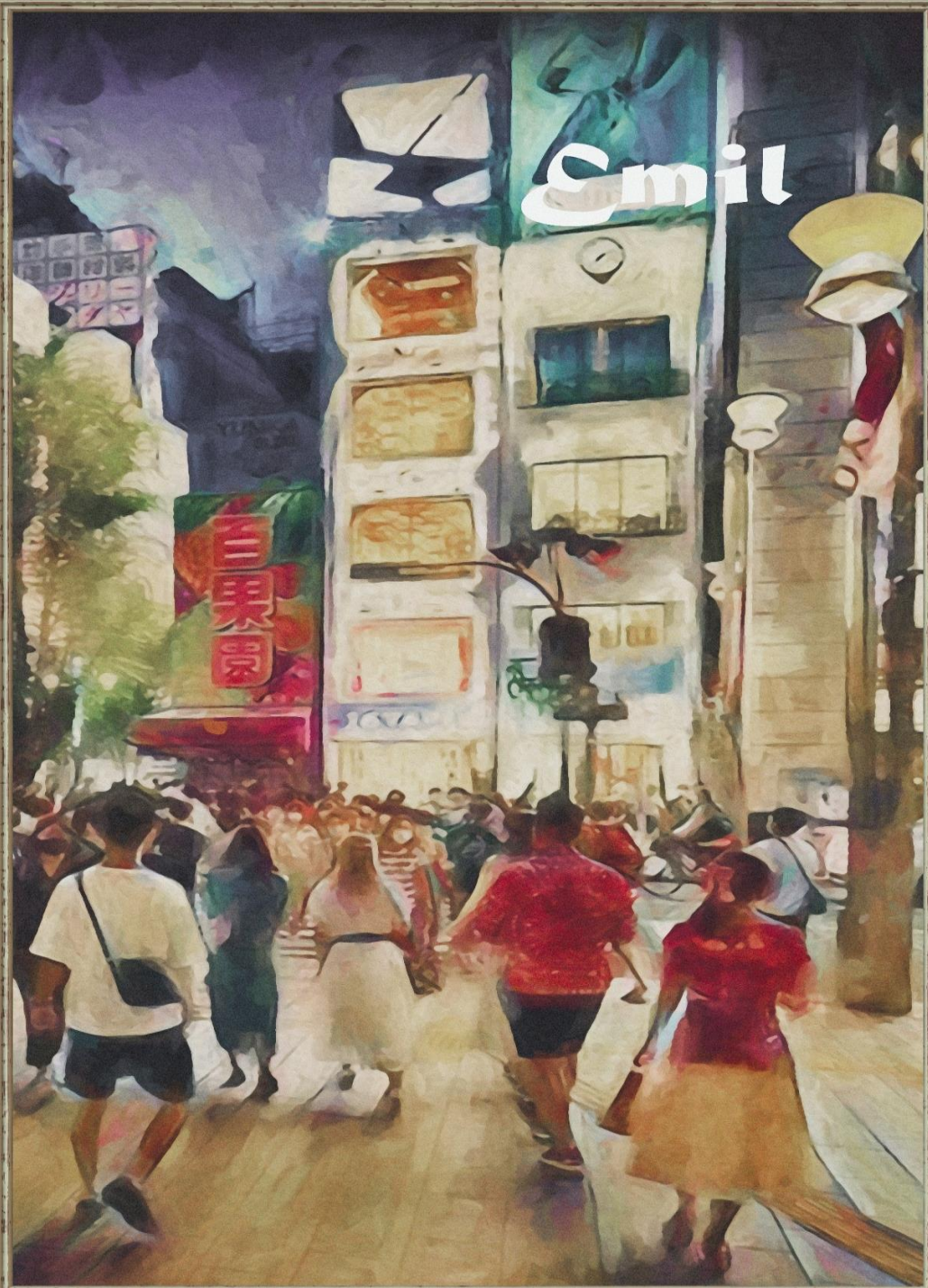
# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## FIN DE SIECLE

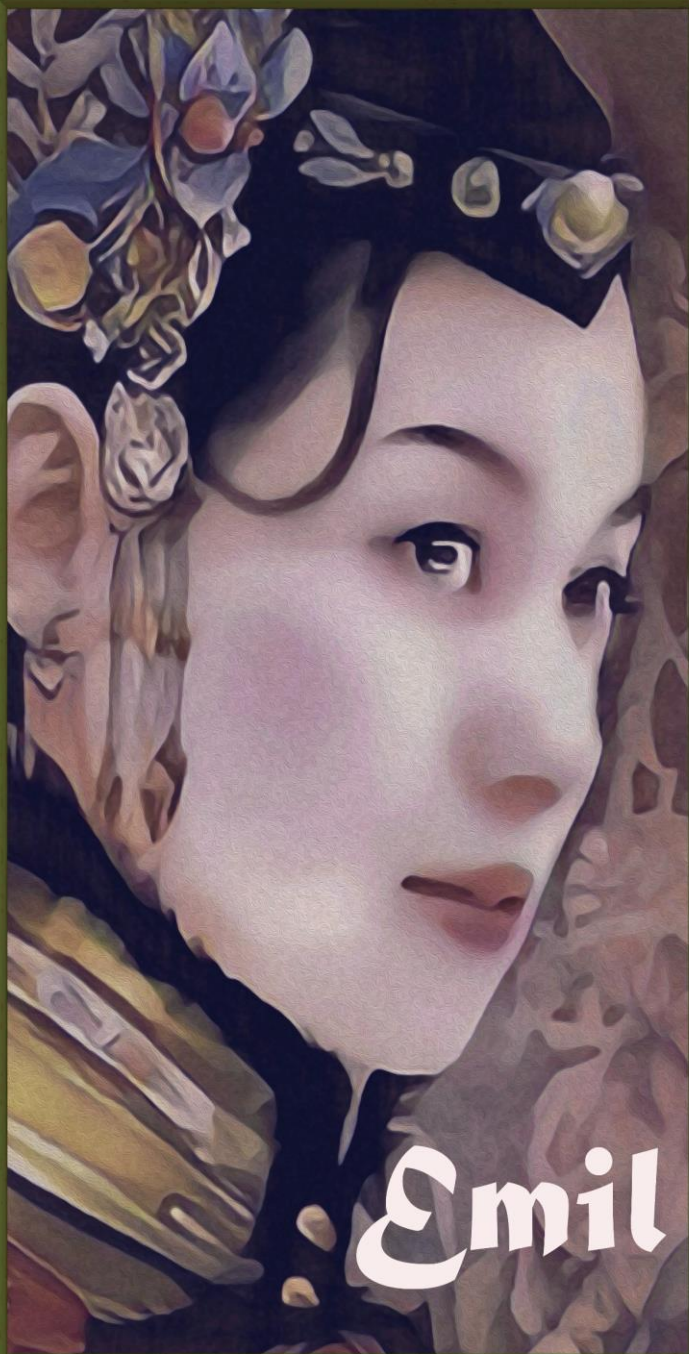
I think that Charlie Pierre would have agreed with that...I would ask but, he passed out at the back table...what?

## ABOUT AN HOUR AGO?







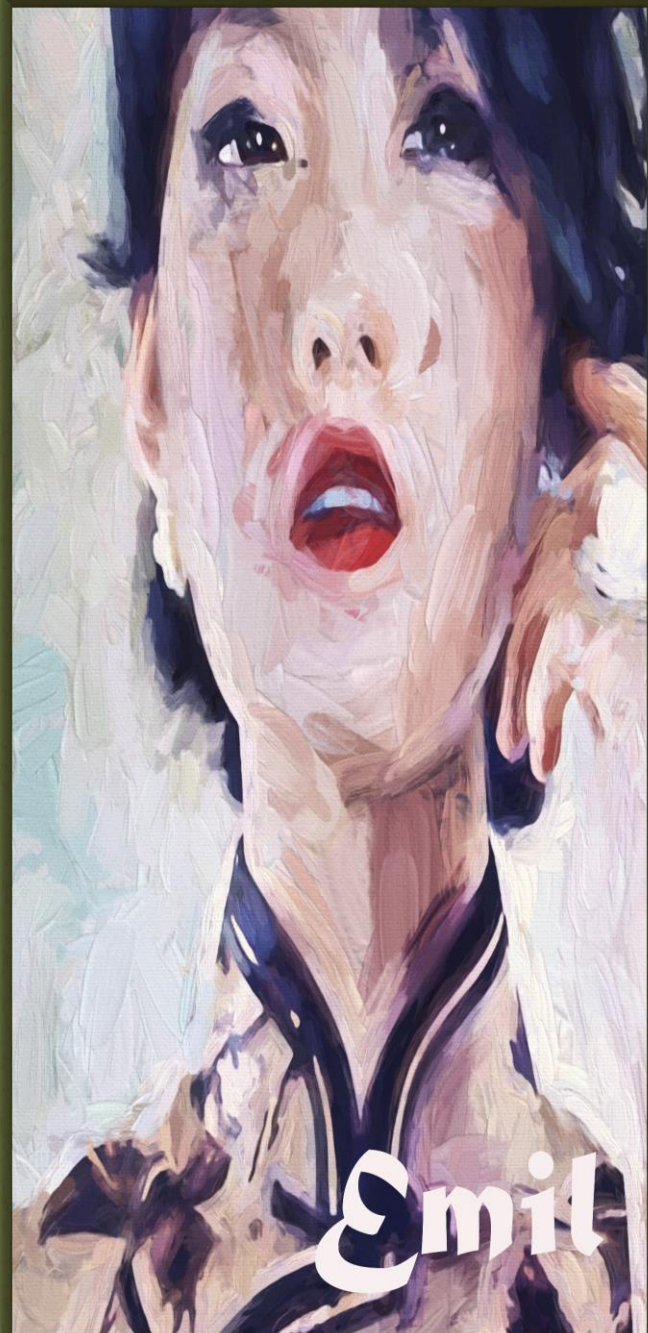


Emil



Emil





**“Where have all you Emil Fans Gone?”**

## **IMPORTANT EDITOR NOTE:**

*Seine – December 2019*

Originally, I deleted, shred and sometimes even then burnt all these Telex Messages, faxes and the occasional e-mails that I receive from Emil mostly due to the warning from our corporate lawyers about a serious need to have

*“Deniability over Emil and any activity(s) that he might be involved in and thus limit our legal responsibility for anything he might do, say or get himself involved (improperly) with.”*

This actually replaced all the pages of Emil’s soapbox that I had to delete about what he called the coming

## **“CHINESE PLAGUE”**

and more American political nonsense and slander that...I am told would keep us (WWWG) in litigation until the year 3000.



Emil



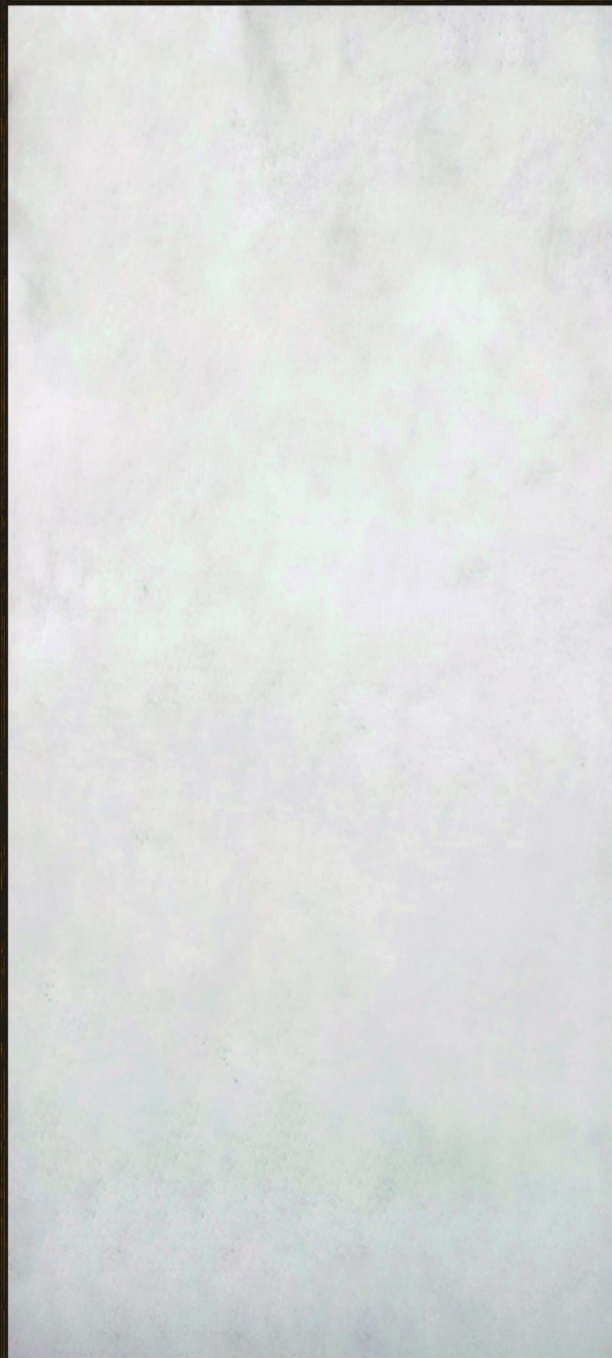
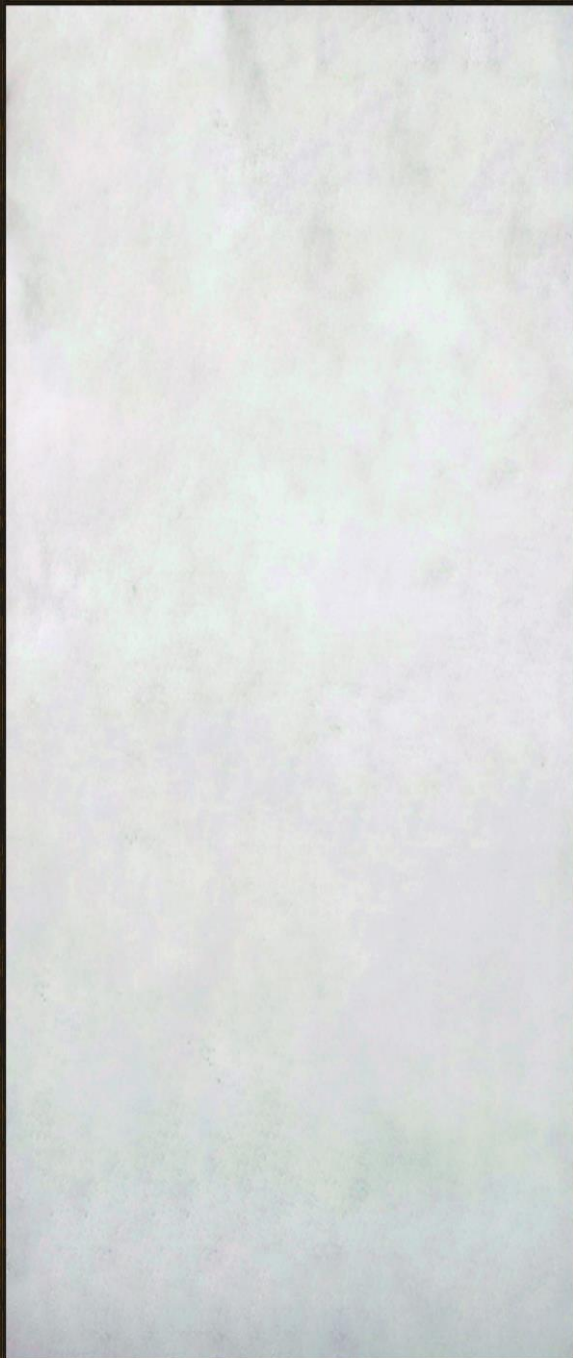
Emil

















早就逃無踪  
在虎豹色狼  
假如兩天







Emil

# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES **WELL CAMPERS!**

Funny, when you are stranded outside a no name crossroads waiting for the bus to get repaired, you mind tends to wonder and focus on the

## **STRANGEST THINGS**

You would think that I would be concerned with the likelihood of being stranded in the wilds of Central Asia, amongst its wandering yak herds, roaming bands of want-to-be bandits with rather bad attitudes and social manners but, rather, my mind drifted to the meaning of life, to the utter waste of a majority of our lives in the services of









# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

## WELL CAMPERS!

others and that only at the very end, do we  
actually venture selflessness of direction.

Then, I think to all those who I have known who  
didn't cut-n-run in time and died in dank, cold

## FLORESCENT-LIT

cubicles or in the bowls of large, empty houses  
that that consumed their ever breathe and  
sucked up every last penny, from every pocket  
and they too died sharecroppers to the Bank of  
America or Fanny May...

As I said, strange thoughts to have in the wilds of









# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES **WELL CAMPERS!**

Central Asia as dark approaches and with it the muttered, shouts of curses from bus riders who now envision the long walk back to the village we passed three kilometers ago.

Finally, a great “Hurrah” from the passengers as the ancient bus burps back to life and everyone assembles to resume their passage...

## **RESCUED**

from the sheer terror of the mere idea of bedding down in the middle of nowhere with forty-









**THANK YOU**  
**Citizen**  
**UBZ-4538.1**

# **WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES WELL CAMPERS!**

five shifty and shade passengers...friends, family  
or even bandits themselves...over on a short  
vacation in the capital...with a complimentary pit  
stop at the local KFC...the last remaining vestige  
of America's greatness and power...all brought to  
you through the secret of ten

## **HERBS AND SPICES**

better living through the consumption of fried  
chicken...seems odd but, they alone serve fried  
chicken American Style...not chopped, hacked  
and bludgeoned into bits and pieces that are hard









Emil

# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES **WELL CAMPERS!**

to consumer due to the bone fragments  
intermixed with steamed rice.

This afternoon of meditation, lack of anything  
else to do and defiantly the sheer lack of money  
was the creative motivation to this new edition...

## **PLEASE DON'T TELL SEINE!**

In fact, this is actually a sequel (Part 2) to the  
previous edition and even though, the location of  
my motivation has shifted from being down-n-out  
in Central India...under the influence of the evil,  
rock gut swell that they pushed as neighborhood  
whisky.









# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES **WELL CAMPERS!**

It was once said by the late, great (original) TV

## **PREACHER REV IKE**

from New York City, that it was not that money was the root of all evil...that was white peoples' misunderstanding...it was in fact the lack of money that was the evilness...and what people were willing to do to acquire it.

## **LORD FORGIVE ME!**

This book will pay for some of my sins.  
AMEN!



Emil

Emil



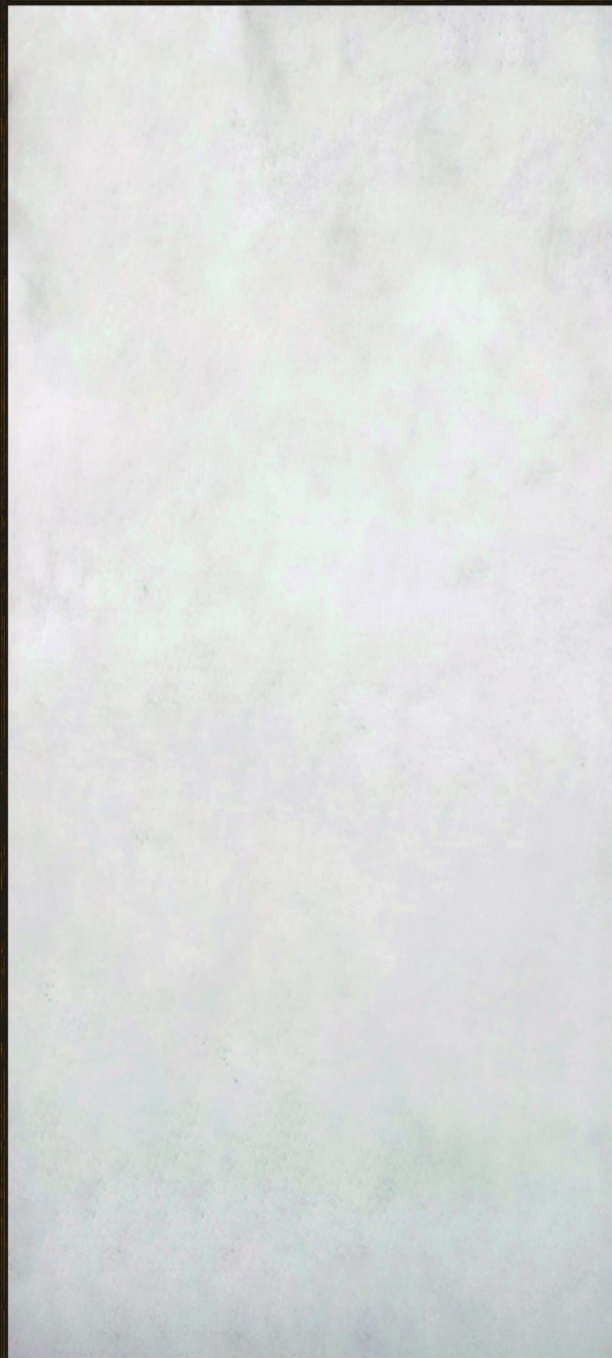
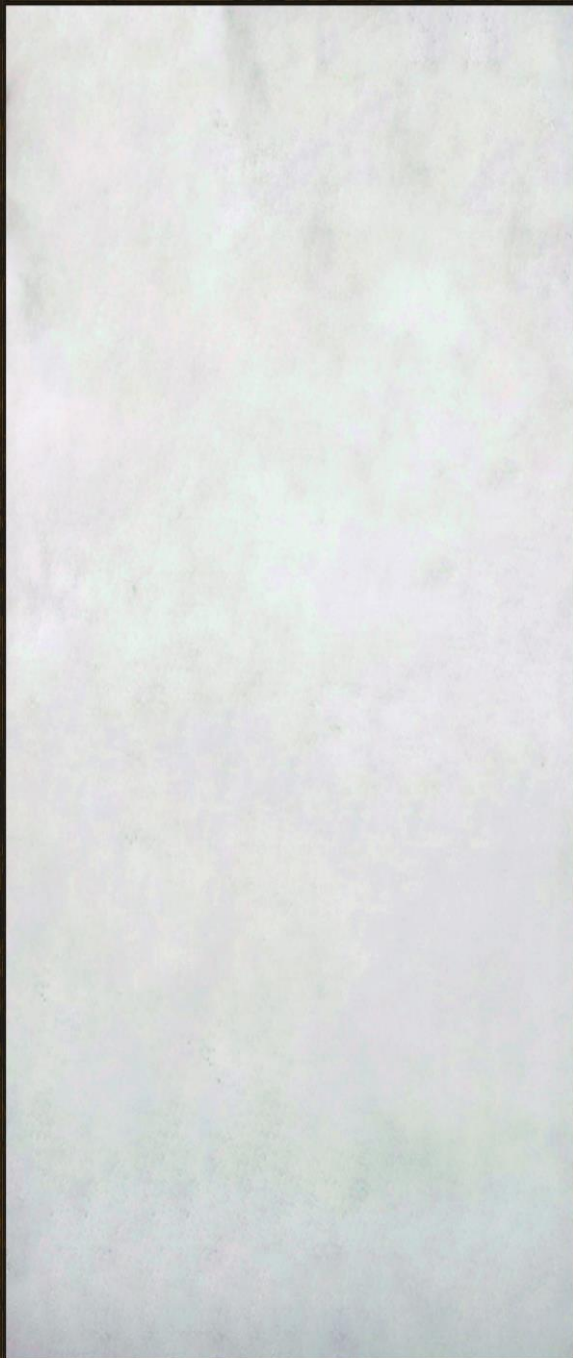


Emil



Emil









EMIL





Seeking **FREE** Passage to

# Nirvana

# Emil

WWWG Productions Ltd. Singapore – All Rights Reserved









## EDITOR'S NOTE:

We were delighted to receive this new edition to Emil's latest work. Last we saw (heard from) Emil, there was the issue of the lawsuits and the actual restraining order to prevent Emil's return to hell. Then there was the nasty issue of demons and angels picketing the adjoining book signing at the

## TUCSON 5 AND DINNER...

Given this turn of events, it was fitting that Emil would have to entertain other alternatives for eternal retirement and it was only a matter of time before Emil showed up in

## SOUTHERN INDIA

In order to curry favor, Emil has taken 99 steps toward Nirvana (or in this case,





## EDITOR'S NOTE:

Nirvanana as the actual name is copyrighted and we couldn't secure the proper licensing rights...) and has respectfully, declined to

## OVERTHROW NIRVANA

We hope that you will enjoy this new collection and buy multiple copies because as Charlie (our accountant) reminds me, Emil does owe us an extensive

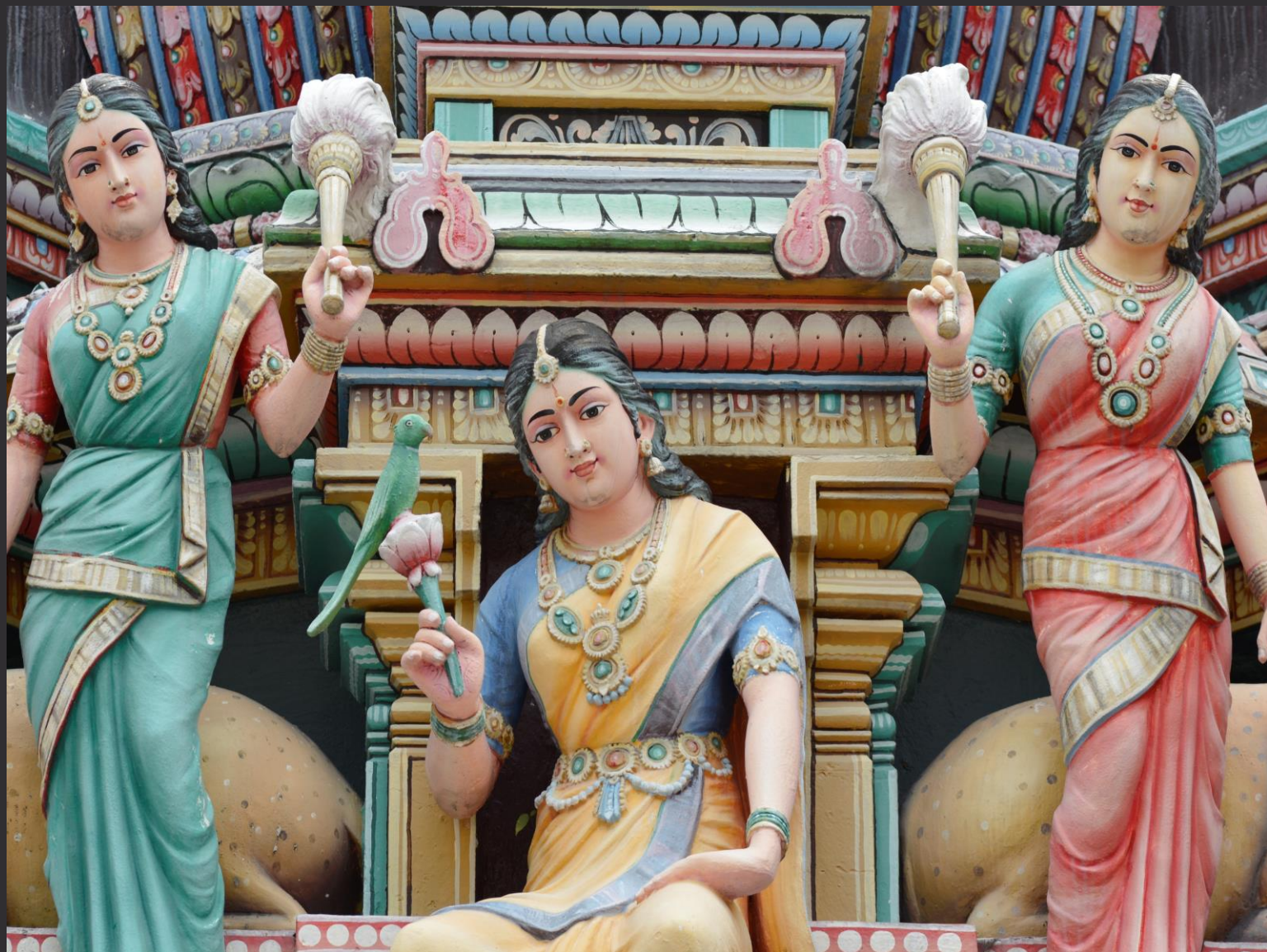
## AMOUNT OF MONEY

Due to this fact, we are happy to receive, publish and promote anything from Emil that might help us recoup some of our lost.

If you are reading this Emil...  
keep them coming!

## SEINE













## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

I was totally like bummed out when Seine telexed me to say I didn't have the right to use the term

# NIRVANA

It isn't a religious thing but the word...the term...is copyrighted by the former grunge, a 1990's band by the same name...and for some reason (actually their representatives faxed me an itemized list of...well...let's just say it was multiple pages...times or occasions that I had pestered Courtney Love...OK! Yes, they may have used the word "stocking" but,





## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

what can I say...I am a fan!)

## NEEDLESS TO SAY

I seem to be hitting the bad luck  
top ten recently (with a bullet)  
but, this really hurt...I have been  
a big supporter of Courtney and  
I am rather sad that she would see  
it for anything other than what  
it was...I am a fan...I am not shy  
to say that

## “PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY”

is the greatest song ever pinned.  
Anyway! Back to the intro...









## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

Saturday, January 15, 2016 at 11:40am  
(Central Asia Telex Cable Service)

It was early in yet another dawn  
somewhere out in the extreme wilds  
of the ancient Caravan Routes that  
crisscrossed the Former  
Soviet Domains of

## CENTRAL ASIA

another boring day of book signings  
(organized by Charlie at WWWG  
Productions) and yet another  
picture of me with all the local,  
grunge youths and an occasional  
picture of me riding with them  
on their father's yak.  
Every day starts at the ungodly





## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

hour of the break of day, with  
cross-gender chickens crowing  
like they were roasters, an  
occasional passing tank, always

## ANGRY STORE OWNERS

scolding me in some, god only  
knows, unknown dialect (but  
always translated by the local  
bandit that WWWG had hired  
to take care of the money here  
locally) always something about  
I am lazy for getting to their  
market stand so late (6:30 AM)...

## BLAW...BLAW...

always something about they were  
not gonna pay because half their









## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

customers have already left the market and then, having to read the latest in a series of telexes from Seine or Charlie's (that evil accountant thug!) saying that I (personally) owe them

## MORE MONEY

than Michael Jackson did his creditors before he died... while he instructing me not so kindly that I better get on the ball and get out to these

## MARKET STANDS EARLY

The days virtually end even more quickly as the surrounding cliffs start blotting out the last rays of





## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

a retreating sun by somewhere  
more suitable for a talented  
artist (if starving artist) as myself...  
say...somewhere around

## (LIKE) NOON

With the sun's departure and  
the lack of anything that could  
be mistaken to be electricity,  
the heat of the day fades into  
a ripping, nip of the freezing  
northerly winds that come

## WHIPPED DOWN

into the canyons from out  
of the distant, snow-capped  
mountains...bringing a shudder  
and chill to even the hardest of









## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

bones due mostly to lack of  
blankets or many times walls  
to shelter us from the winds ...

Hunkering down is strongly  
recommended by the local mostly  
because the night belong to the

## BANDITS AND THIEVES

much as in the times of Alexander...  
nothing seems to change in this  
part of the world...the last,

## GREAT OPEN FRONTIER

It is really rather a grand place of  
how thing were and one of the few  
remaining places where men still  
live free and stay alive based upon  
their wits...right!?!

To be truthful it totally sucks...





## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

Give me a Holiday Inn or even  
a Hotel Six...

## ANY TIME!

Is the mini-bar covered by WWWG?

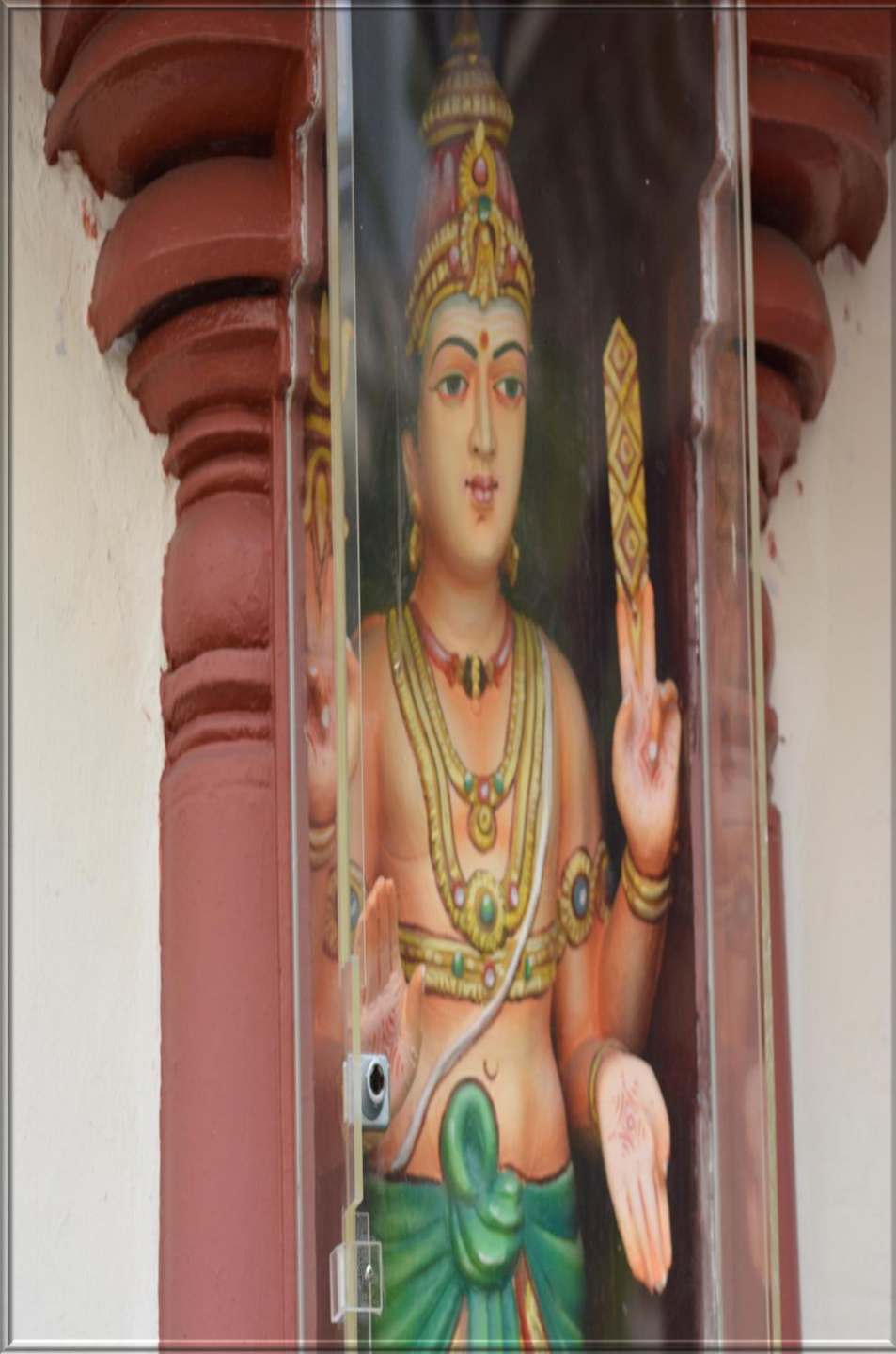
## DATELINE:

The Middle of Nowhere...  
The winds here seem to be  
constantly blowing and the  
monstrous tonnage of dust it  
continually kicks up forms a not  
so fine layer of dust that coats  
and covers everything  
and everyone.









## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

In a way, it is a great equalizer as it reduces everyone, regardless of their status or wealth, to the same gritty mess here in what my old geography teacher...

## MR. SMITH

(no...really! That was his name...he did look a little like Jimmy Steward...but...he had never made to Washington D.C. I really would be surprised if he had every traveled any more than a couple hundred miles away from his birthplace and home in Southern Arizona...)

**USE TO CALL CENTRAL ASIA.**





## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

The how's and whys of my sad, current state of affairs, I would rather not dwell on it any great detail other than to curse old Chucky Boy (the evil accountant from WWWG Productions and his daily telex to explain how much money I still owe WWWG)

## WHO SAID...

*"Boy...this will be fun!"*

## YA...AND

I wish he was here to share it!!!  
As we have talked in the past...









## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

everything looks beautiful in fotos,  
from behind air conditioned rooms  
on the seventh floor and  
(what I discovered much earlier  
in what now seems a  
previous lifetime)  
is most impressive when viewed  
from the back seat of a

## MERCEDES TOWN CAR

Things only lose their appeal and get  
unpleasant once you are cast out  
and down into the nitty gritty of the  
real world. From a seventh floor  
vantage point, Katmandu beckoned  
and oozed character and  
charm...once down at street level,  
out-n-about in the vast sea of taxis  
and...





## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

roaring motor scooters out pressing  
the flesh with the millions of people  
huddled in the ruined remains of  
a city that most people wish to only  
remember ...

## TRIES TO RECALL

dreams of that charming little  
mountain town overrun with  
hippies, spiritual gurus and a maze  
of alleys leading to a secret garden  
or temple mound or they elect to  
remember a personal experience or  
two down on Freak Street,

## BACK IN THE 1960'S

The reality is that city no long exists,  
it has been replaced by a large,









## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

gritty industrial city with no roads  
and a helpless political situation  
with over of a 1001 political  
parties...if only they were

## DALMATIANS

Almost every place that I have  
traveled in the past year has helped  
to re-enforce this stark image of  
the world and not being on the

## GOLD CARD TOUR

has forced me into the realness  
of how the common man scrapes  
by in a world where what little  
pleasure and resources are being  
snapped up the elite...





## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

what American refer to the one-percenters...what little that they couldn't sweep up and waste...anything not tied down or worth something

## IS LONG GONE

like the Old Chinese Republic Tai Pans running from Mao way back when...after the revolution and

## MR. MARCOS

when he fled to Hawaii after being overthrown...they only thing that got left behind was his wife's massive shoe collection – which the new Pilipino Government turned









## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

into a museum...it is well worth the  
20 pesos admission price...a good  
way to kill an afternoon...

## YEA! IT IS THAT BIG

You get the point...????

## I HOPE...CAMPERS!

There ain't much being left for  
us and our brothers and sisters  
(although most would go out  
of their way to explain that they  
have no kinship to me).

Nothing but scraps,

## BAD WATER OR NO WATER

(the fat cats bottle it and sell it back  
to the people they stole it from at a





## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

price that is up to three times higher than petrol...) and I would love to say that the list was long but, in reality, it isn't...there is not that much left.

## EVERYWHERE,

I see massive amounts of idle people standing on street corners...trying desperately to scrap together enough pesos to bring bottled water home as their well water tastes like

## OIL AND CHEMICALS

I truly don't know how much longer, we can hold this mess together...









## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

One final gripe before I get off  
my soap box and return to the  
narrative of this story...

I promise, at least for now!

## IN THE FEW PLACES

that I have been where humanity  
has not overrun and set up squatter  
camps, strip-mined or set up a local  
franchise of Seven-Eleven, in these  
places of postcard beauty, I have  
discovered that God booby-trapped  
it with an army of

## POISONOUS BUGS

and other angry animals with  
serious attitude issues and an  
endless array of other things to





## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

make you think twice about moving  
into the neighborhood.

## ANYWAY! NEVER MIND

as you are a true believer and have  
actually read this far along...

## I AM AMAZED

if that's true...if not, you quit  
reading back at Katmandu.

Let me be polite...

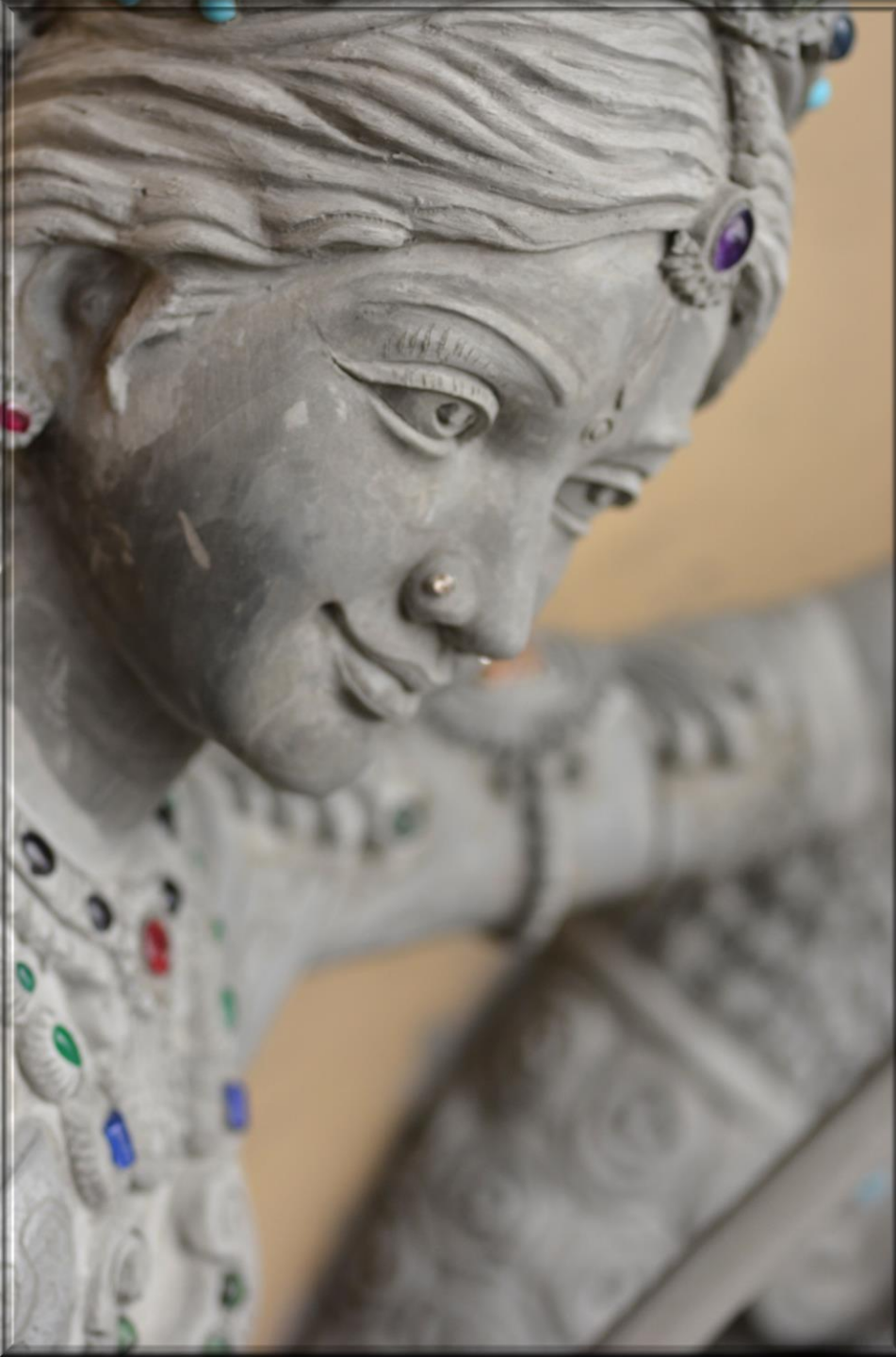
## POLITICAL OR OTHERWISE...

and say, Central Asia sucks the big  
one and if anyone ever tells you  
any different they either have  
not been here or are trying to  
sell you a timeshare, somewhere









## **SEEKING FREE PASSAGE**

in this God-Forsaken land.

## **I MEAN...I AM SORRY**

but, if you have actually seen one  
yak and...truthfully...you have

## **SEEN THEM ALL**

Again, if any one tells you otherwise  
they have spent way too much time  
with yaks and I would seriously keep  
them far away from any small  
children or animals in the  
neighborhood...just a word

## **TO THE WISE!**

Thirty days into this endless series of  
book signing events at what seems  
every market crossroads here in





## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

Central Asia and they all blur...  
it all comes down to old women  
selling prettified vegetables, yak

## MILK AND CHEESE

along with the billions of other  
products that they make out  
of these poor yaks...

There are always a small group  
of mustached, older guys sitting  
around with nothing more to do  
other than drink yak sweeten,

## ALMOST COFFEE (TEAS)

while trying to look all badass with  
their fake rhino-horned daggers  
For the real rhinos are almost gone  
and only those rich yahoos in the









## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

backseat of those Mercedes with the black-tinted windows that parade and cruse up and down the three or four miles of paved roads in the capital...

## ONLY THEY CAN

now afford such a luxury, the pleasure out of hanging their daggers from their Russian Army Surplus web belts and occasionally spitting on the ground to emphasis a point that was lost on me with my limited knowledge of their

## LOCAL DIALECTS

Then there are all of your grunged out, rebellious youngster ...





## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

out, rebellious youngster...each of them wearing cheap, imitation blue jeans imported from India or China now and this extremely

## BIZZARRO FASHION

they wear a rather strange selection of American (thrift store collection) 1970-90's tee-shirts sold to them by some real and true local entrepreneurs who seem to have a cousin who moved to Cleveland (legal or not? It ain't my call!) and discovered the

## GOODWILL STORES INC.

The new American Cousins are stripping the thrift stores across









## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

America and are shipping them  
back home by cheap,

## BOAT MAIL PARCELS

(a proud shout out to USPS!)  
to feed this growth market of  
dressing the upcoming revolutionary  
elite of this or that local area.

They all can be

## A SIGHT TO SEE

coming into that market and the  
grunge youth are parading around  
in their Sunday best...their

## “BOYS TO MEN”

or “Metallica” tee-shirts. It would





## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

have brought a sad tear to  
**MICHAEL JACKSON'S EYES**

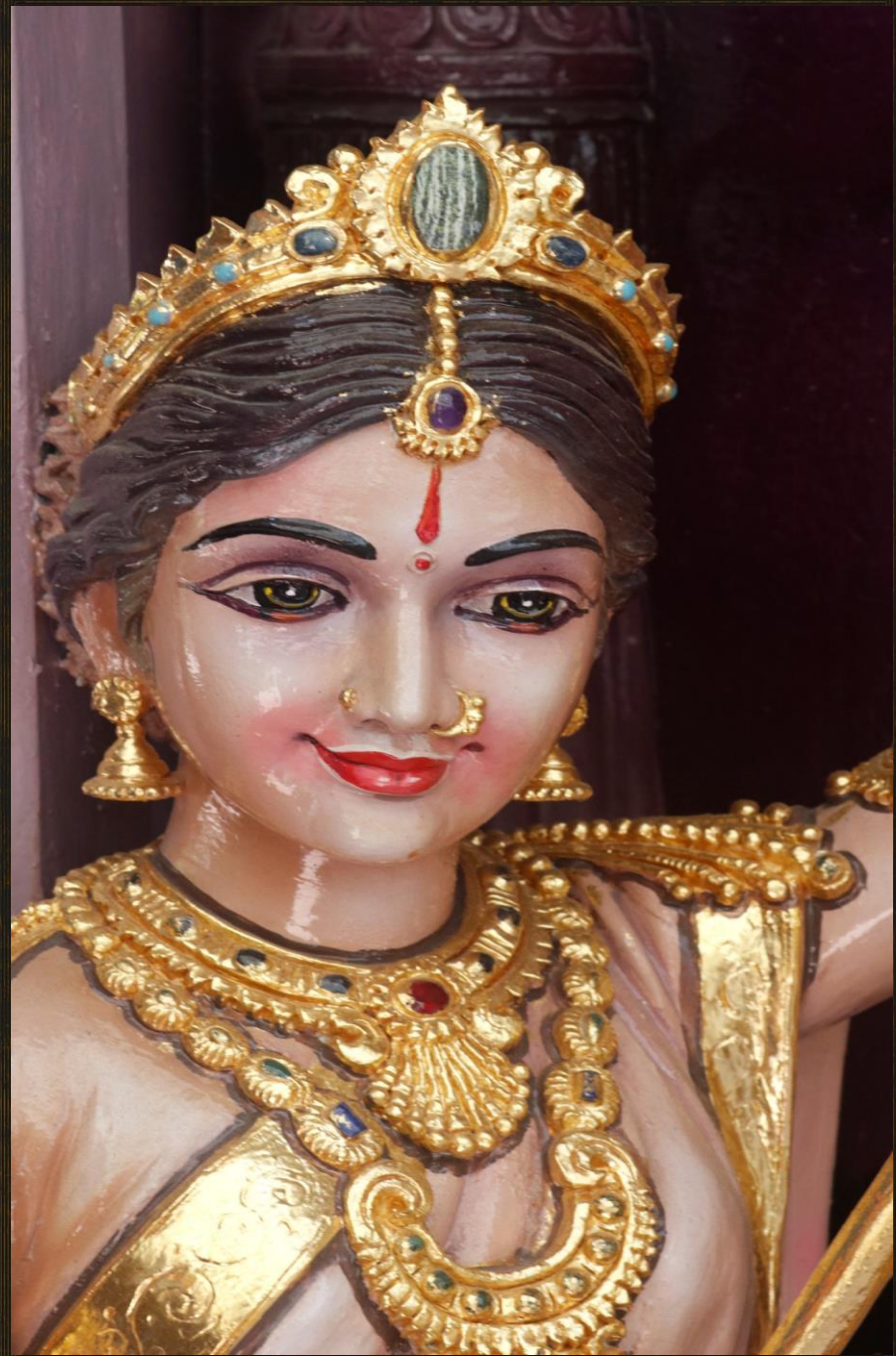
(sorry...but, I got that joke from  
a local gay guy...they have...go  
figure...as being gay here is not  
any kind of correct...they kill you!)

They don't know who I am...

## MOST DON'T CARE

The old guys mumble something  
about CIA and the youngsters dig  
this old fart in a tied-dyed tee-shirt  
with the funny picture books...  
Well...it must be near sunrise...Omar  
(the local thug...sorry...he prefers  
to be referred to as a bandit...  
thank God, no one ever taught  
him about Zorro)









## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

is loudly pounding on the tent door  
(funny...the door part...you have  
to be here...it is an insider's joke)  
and is yelling out in broken English  
(I think it's English)

that Mr. Charlie and Mr. Seine will  
be very upset if I am not down  
in the market in just ten minutes...

Then...those damn,

## CROSS GENDER CHICKENS

start up crowing like they were  
rosters...I tried to talk to them about  
this...I must admit that I did bring

## THE CONCEPT OF "KFC"

into the conversation about their  
toning down this morning





## SEEKING FREE PASSAGE

racket...now they crow all day long!

## THIS IS MY LIFE...

I need to find a way out of here...  
there is got to be a way... funds  
remain an issue...it is really hard to

## HUSTLE A FEW PESO

dinars, whatever...especially with  
Omar as WGGG's bagman.

I would jump a yak in the middle  
of the night but, these guys take  
to strangers doing this much  
as they did in the old

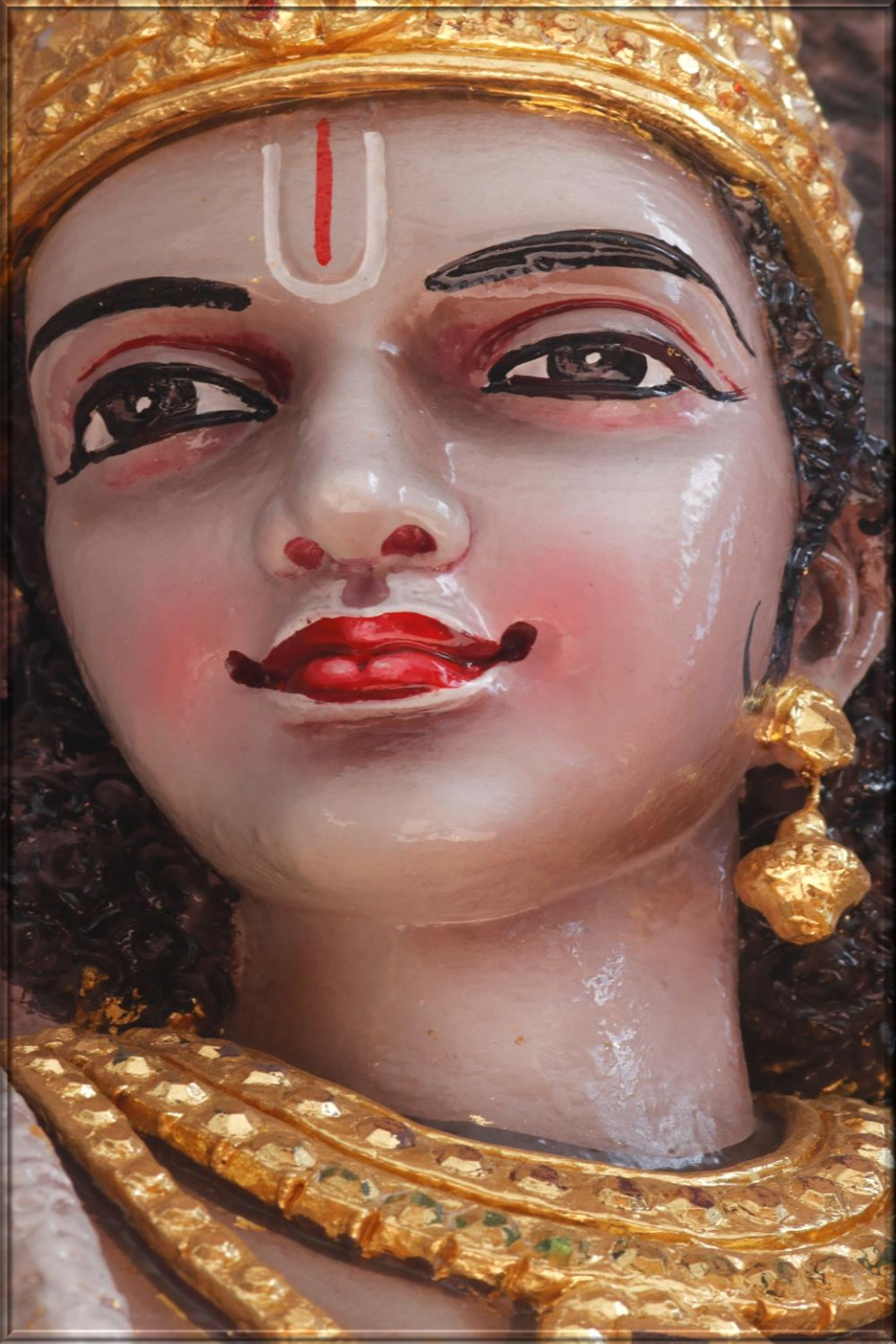
## AMERICAN WEST

with horse thieves...except they  
don't hang you...they still use the









## **SEEKING FREE PASSAGE**

ancient Mongolian methodology  
of crime suppression...they tie each  
hand and leg to a horse and the  
four riders ride off in separate  
directions...yes, at the same time...  
if they were more western...  
they would drag me

## **BEHIND A YAK**

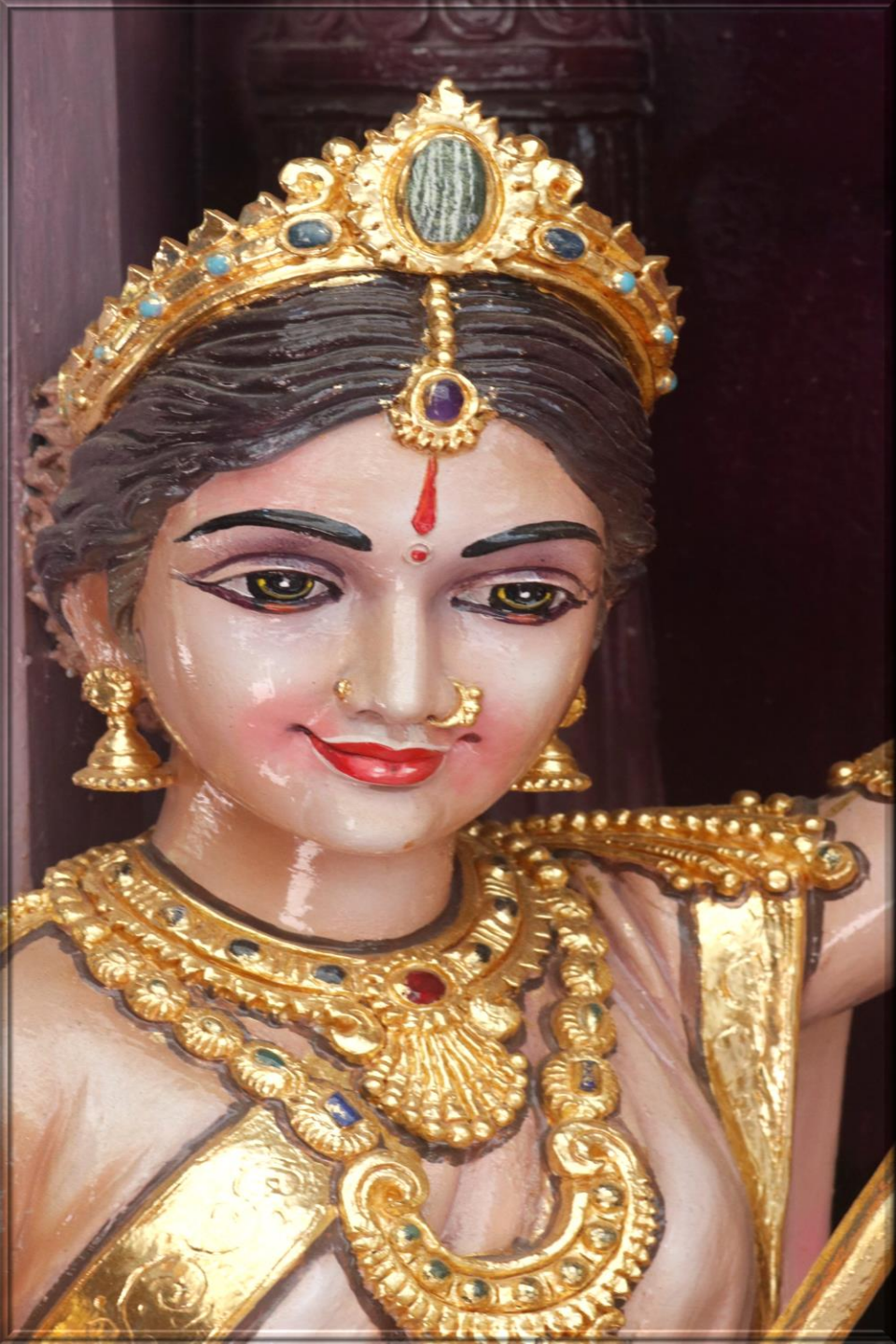
for a couple of miles first...  
none of them have cousins whom

## **THANK GOODNESS**

settled out in West Texas.  
So, as I started this report...it ends  
the same...light a candle,

## **SAY A PRAYER**





## **SEEKING FREE PASSAGE**

that I will be able to fold my tent  
and fade off into the sunset...  
maybe to a nice Holiday Inn...

**ELECTRICITY, HOT WATER**  
and a mini bar!

## **SADNESS IS THE DEAL**

Sadness comes with the deal...

## **LIFE ALWAYS SUCKS!**

Sadness is the price that we pay for  
being human and as our great guru  
James used to teach us, is that  
sadness does prove that we are.  
I thought about what I just wrote  
and it seems fake or like a greeting  
card slogan rather a real thought









## SADNESS IS THE DEAL

but, sadness is a part of who we are and for the most part...

## IT DOES SUCK

Consider the truth that anyone who says otherwise is in a serious case; they have deep sense of denial. Maybe, I am just tired and wasted for the ravages of the past weeks but, there is a deep, inner core that wants to just leave it all behind and start anew...

## EVEN AT 67+?

*"Live as if your life depends on it!"  
Alan Cohen once sang that if "your*





## **SADNESS IS THE DEAL**

*life is not joyful; you're missing your purpose... Perhaps, now is the time to look at what you have created, are you living your dream? What would you rather have or would that bring you joy...?"*

The sad part is that we all know the cryptic, answer(s) and

## **THE SADDER TRUTH**

is that (except for a handful) we lack the courage to take action...we fear

## **ROCKING THE BOAT...**

While Alan is praise-worthy for the advice, it rings as hallow as the endless rows of greeting cards that lay scattered about,









## SADNESS IS THE DEAL

long forgotten in your memory  
chest. Faded fotos and lost,  
sweet dreams of

## SEA DRAGONS

and wishes...each never meant to  
be any more than Poky-bears and  
five-cent Cuban Cigars.

## "WAITRESS!"

another Hemmingway for my friend,  
it would have been his birthday  
today...why yes!

## THE WITCH

The witch's incantation drove her





# THE WITCH

rode with her out the forests from  
the East of what had been in olden  
times, Eden.. and her hoard have  
ruled this world for the

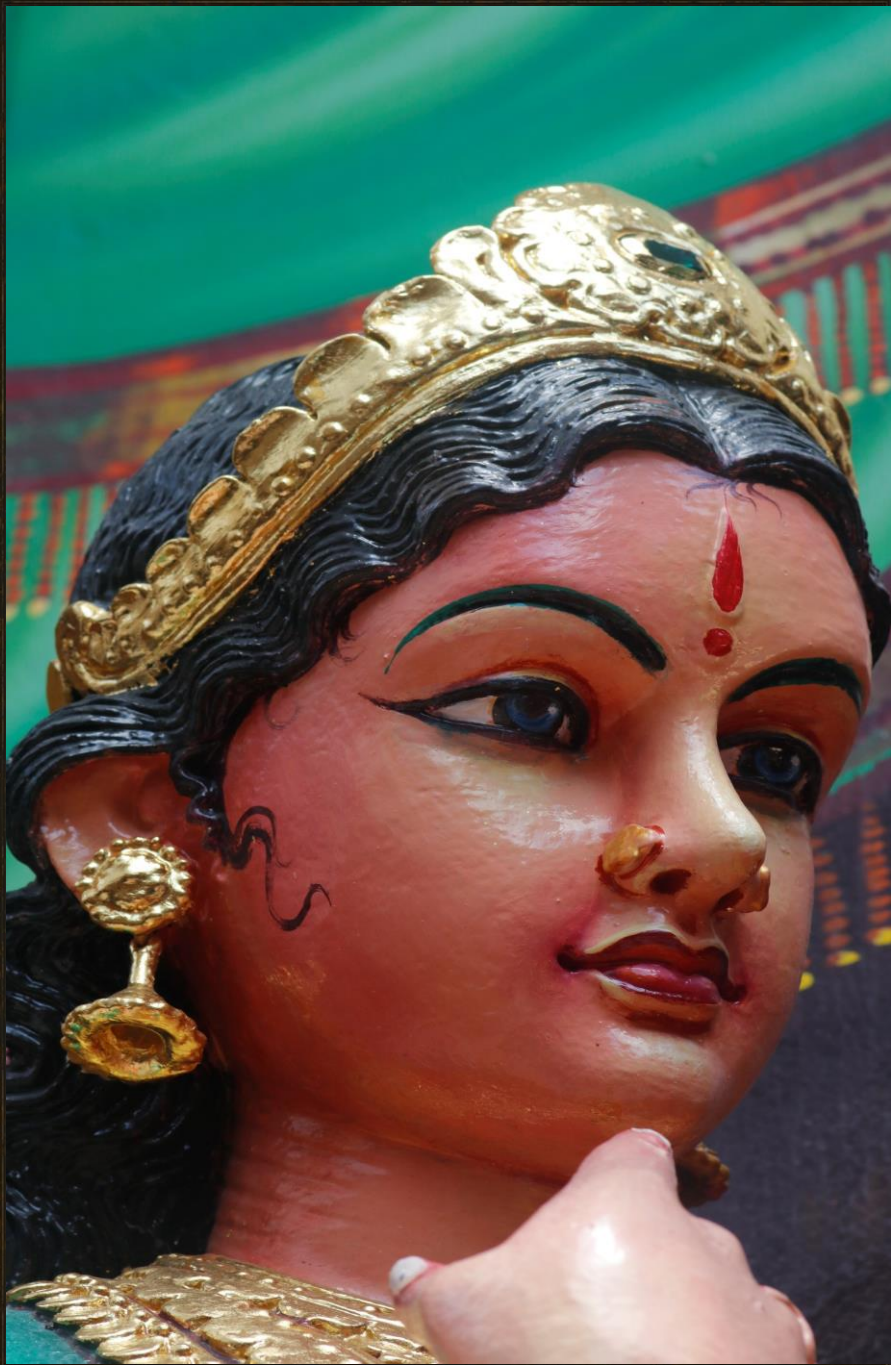
## PAST 1000 YEARS

It is a true thought that I pounder  
here daily...and as such...I seriously

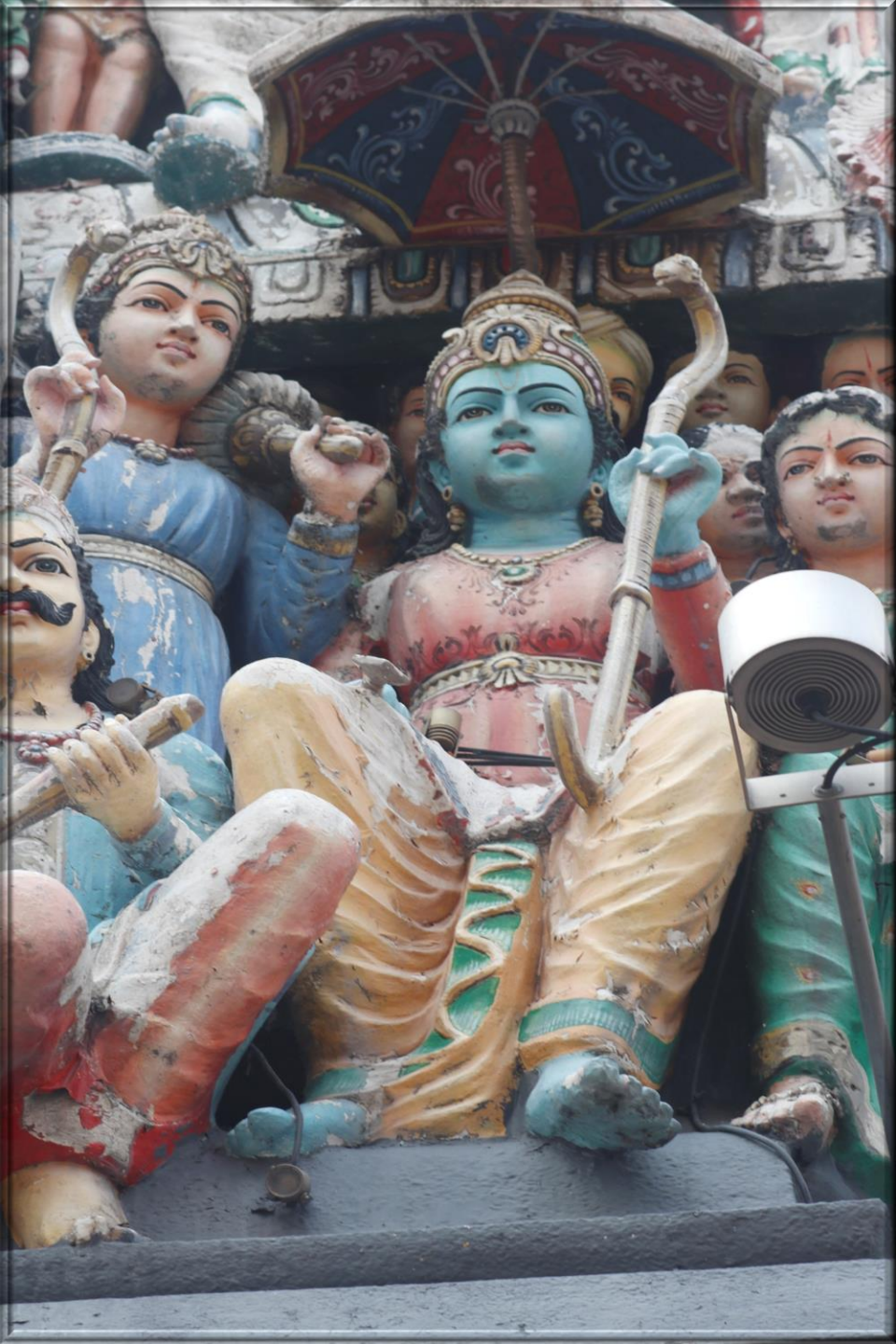
## DON'T KNOW

the answer - I would be stupid to  
think otherwise...yet, I fail to have  
the strength to admit that alas...that  
we dare not speak as words like  
“truth” ... never do these words,  
ever, will they pass my lips...









# THE WITCH

I merely smile and move forward,  
focusing solely one step at  
a time...silently, repeating a pray  
to her who is encased in stone...

*"...Can mercy be found in the heart  
of her who was born of the stone?  
Where she not merciless, would she  
kick the breast of her lord?  
Men call you merciful, but there is  
no trace of mercy in you, Mother.  
You have cut off the heads of the  
children of others, and these you  
wear as a garland around your neck.  
It matters not how much I call you*

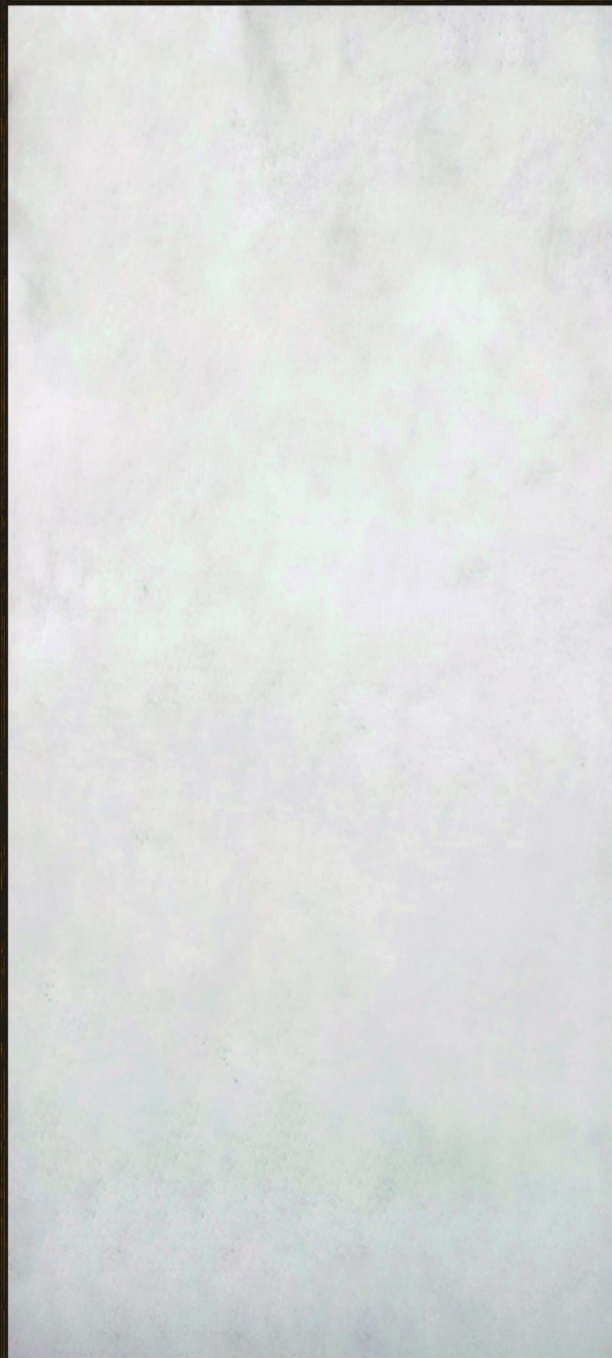
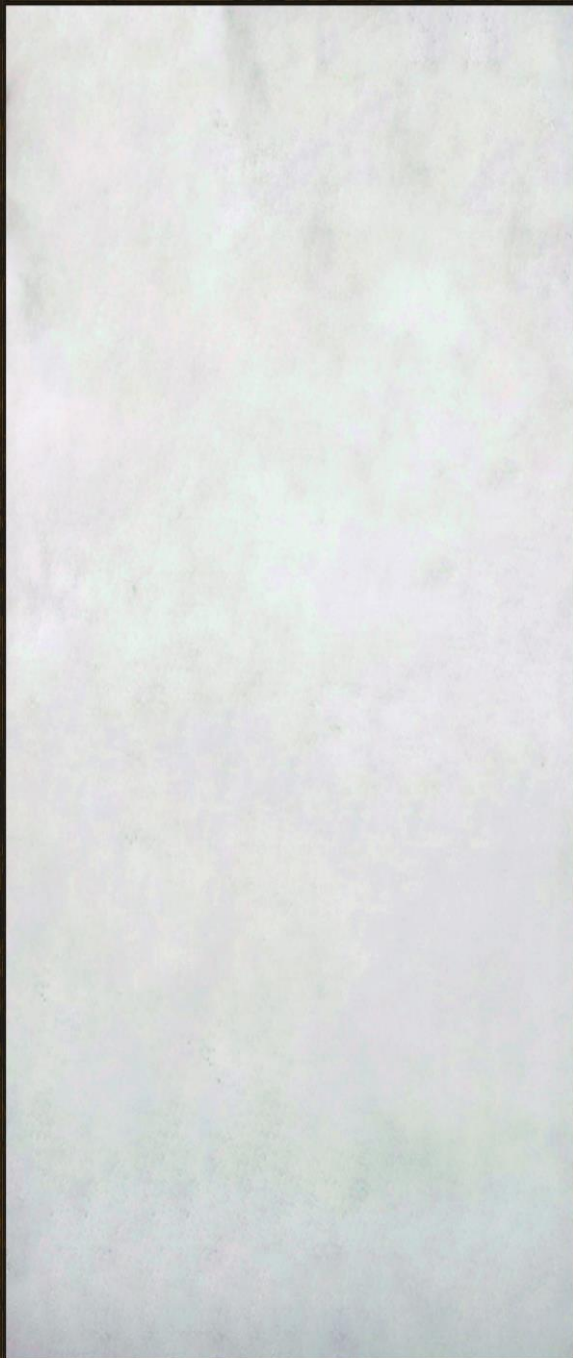
## MOTHER MOTHER

*You hear me, but you will not listen"*











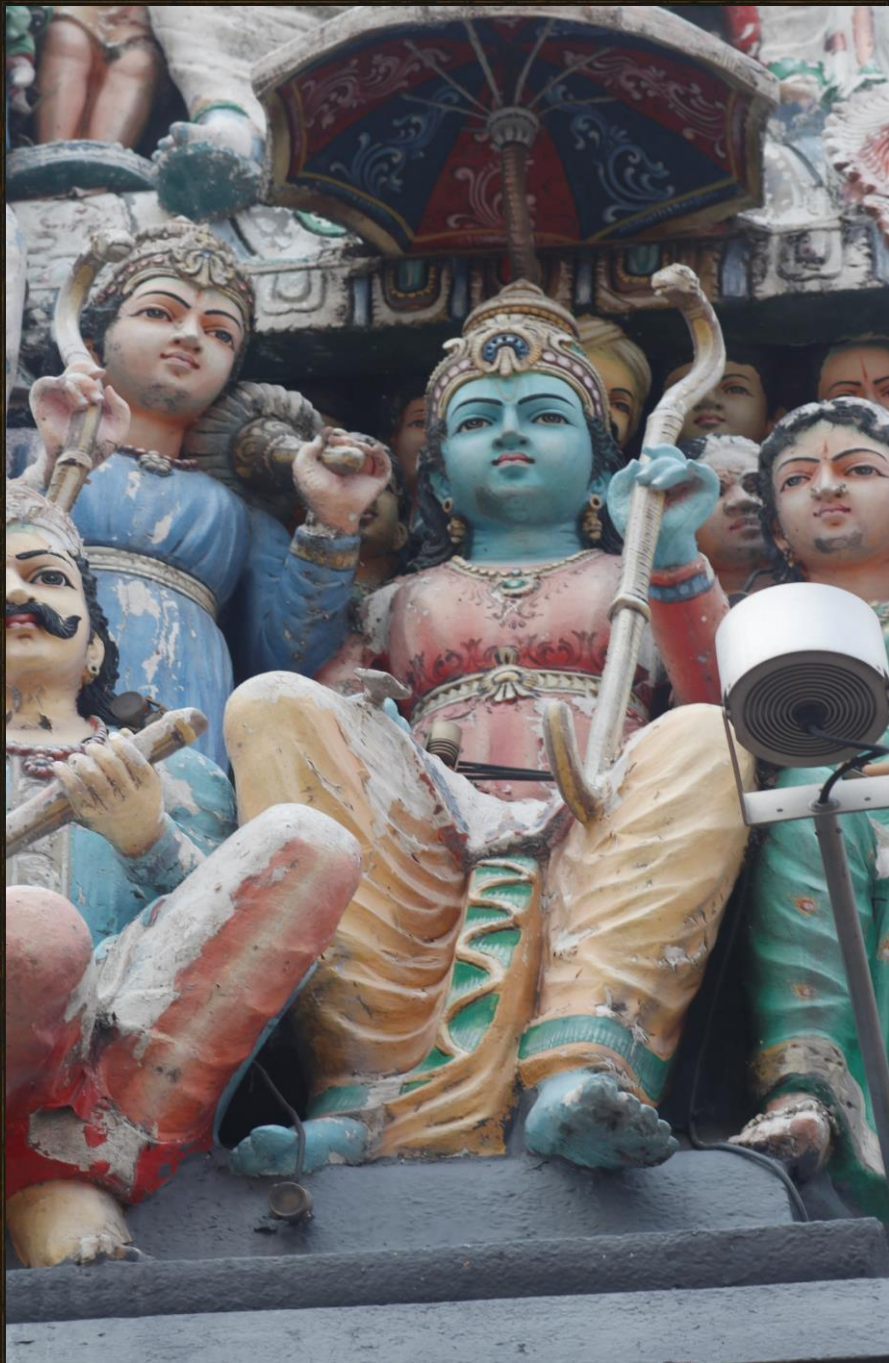
Thank You for Your Cooperation,  
Citizen XZ83495-9



**A PLAGUE YEAR JOURNAL**

**Emil**









## EMIL IS IN GEORGE TOWN, PENANG

Suggesting new project to be floated, run-up-the-flag-pole and brokered @ our weekly Skype...kind of indifferent as from the news we will continue to shelter-in-place for maybe another month...yet?

## WHO KNOWS???

They didn't clear it through me!  
Given this likelihood, and due to the now repeated request(s) by the local lodge staff, I will table my immediate request to super-size, to upgrade my shelter-in-place to a more fitting and creative venue and maybe, a seaside view would be nice...  
In the old days, the publisher always tried to please the talent...encourage the artist spirit...and I assure you that such a simple action as relocating me closer seaside









**EMIL IS IN GEORGE TOWN, PENANG**

might just do the trick!

**WISH ME LUCK**

What's the point spread on the WWWG  
Office Betting Pool? Can I get in on this?  
Light a candle and say a prayer...

**FOR ME, PLEASE?**

Raw images...

Still a work maybe in progress!









**EMIL IS IN GEORGE TOWN, PENANG**

And then Robo Man turned to  
Buck (Rodgers) and said...

"I make \$20 per week  
more than you!"

Then, Rodgers silently took out  
his blaster and let it rip, tearing  
Robo Man into shreds of  
scattered potato chips...

Returning his blaster to his wide  
belt, he looked around and  
addressed what remains  
of Robo Man...

"Now I make a lot more than  
you, Bubba!"

Canon 80D 100mm F2.0 shot @ F4









Emil





# FLEEING REDEMPTION

"Fleeing redemption, passing on my need to atone for numerous sins and misdeeds...I hid out at the temple amongst all the pilgrims, tour touts, money changers and a sea of assorted rude, selfie obsessed tourists stumbling all about and amongst the ruins...

Then the World Heritage Rent-a-Cop yelled  
"There he is!"

"He is the guy who just tore up the gift shop and was telling everyone that Jesus would have done the same..."

Well he would! In fact, I remember from my Sunday School Classes, he did just that...

"Of course, it didn't go so well for him after that..."

just came to mind as I jumped the Temple Wall back out into the Valet Parking Lot...

One step closer to freedom!



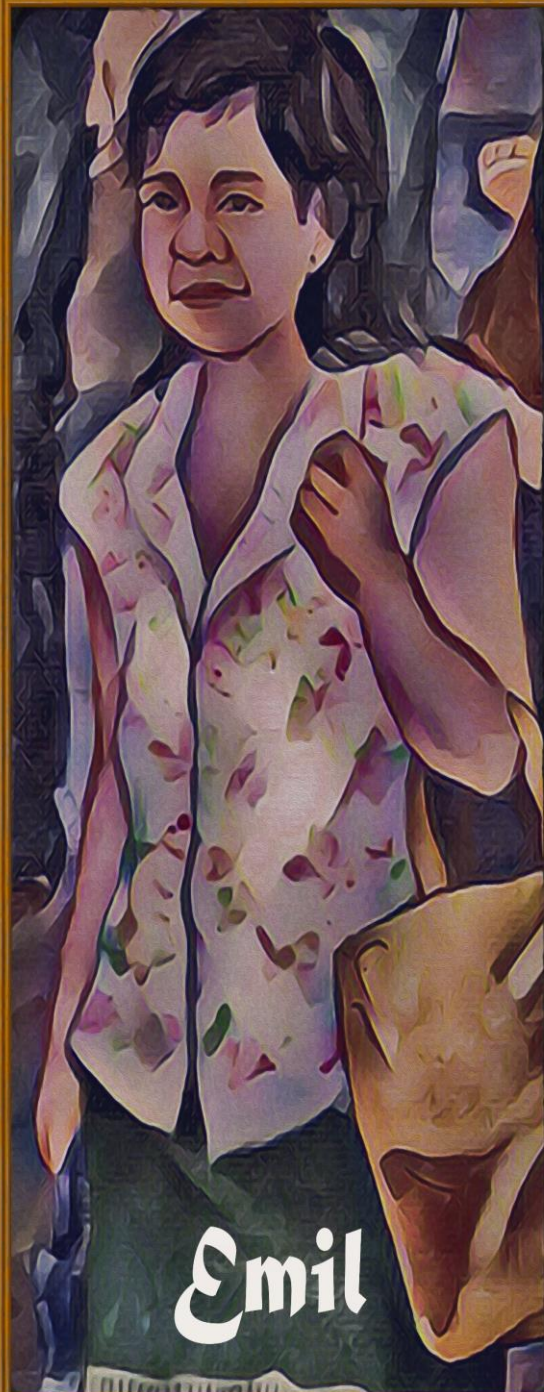
Emil



Emil



Emil







## WHY DON'T I FEEL LIKE A WARRIOR?

In the Year of Plague, where we are told to,  
encourage to become mighty

## PLAGUE WARRIORS

by hiding under our beds...

Sometimes (well! Just this one time if  
I am being truthful) I miss Georgie "Bubba"  
Bush as at least he gave us \$500 and told  
us to go to the Mall to defeat the Terrorists..

Here is my "30 Days in the Hole" Profile  
of Courage as a mighty plague warrior...  
safely tucked into the safety of my own little  
bed...from the security of my room...

This just seems to be all wrong...?

We didn't

## DEFEAT THE NAZIS

by hiding in our rooms... although Charles  
Lindbergh did say that we should stay at home  
while writing nasty letters to the editor about  
just what a rude dog Hitler had become!













## ESCAPE INTO THE NIGHT!

Dead beyond tired, a bit more than bored  
of laying-about while

## PATSY WHISPERED

in my ear...

"Walking after midnight...  
like we use to..."

That truly was all of the little incentive  
that I needed...bolting but being ever so  
stealth, I made my way pass the sleeping  
security rent-a-cop without waking him  
from his much-needed slumber...dashing  
out onto the welcome but empty  
midnight street...

FREE @ last!

**THANK GOD ALMIGHTY...**

FREE @ last!





Emil

## ESCAPE INTO THE NIGHT!

What I failed to notice was that the door closed with a locking click...

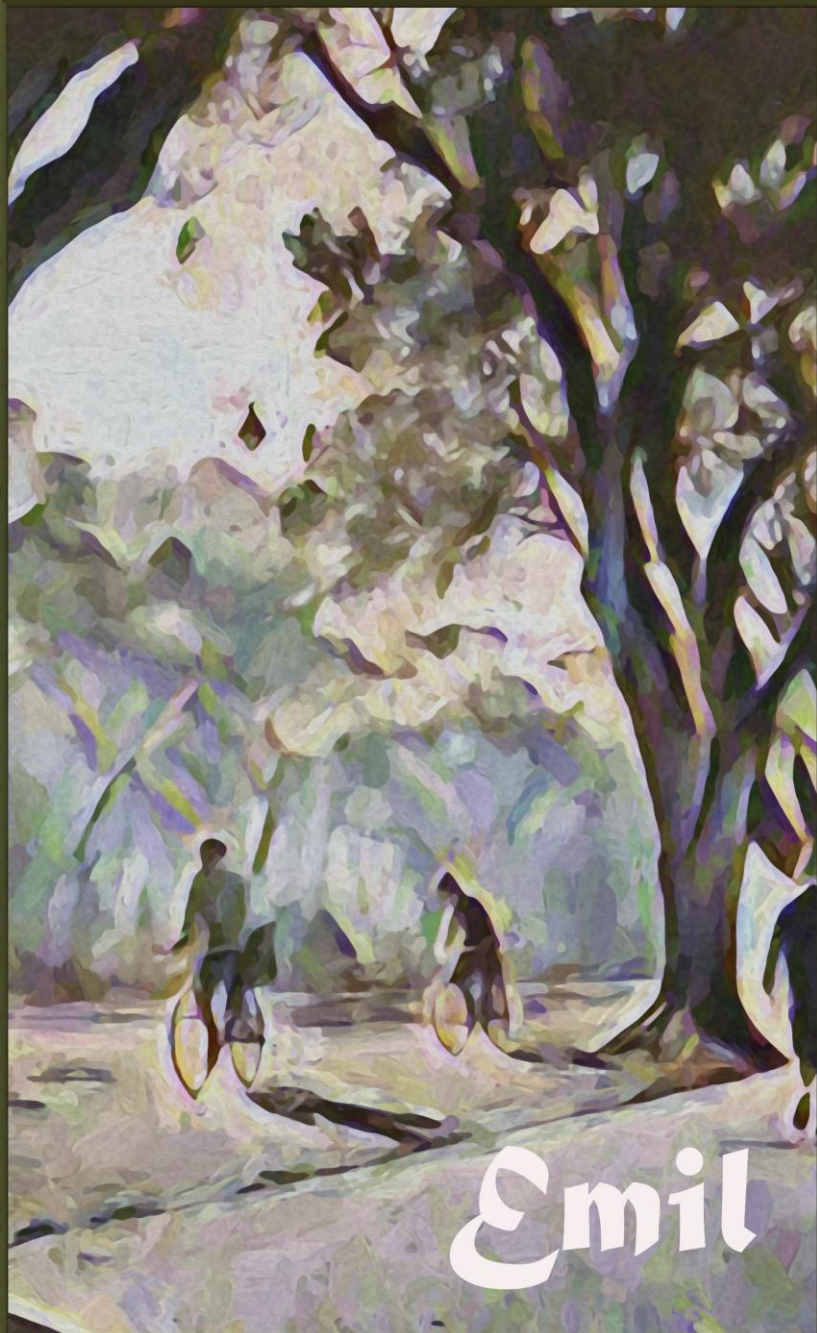
## SO WHATZ!!!

I am a Free man out for a midnight stroll in the waning light of the

## SPRINGTIME MOON

The smells of freedom overcame me as I sensed that there was someone else awake and they seemed to be roasting (what smelled to be) good beef at this ever so, late hour, there was the slightest aroma of a dapper of a late night, a rainy dew hanging, hugging the air and right down the street from me; there was a group of soldiers or police making their curfew rounds...!





Emil

## ESCAPE INTO THE NIGHT!

Who saw the other first is kind of a

## MUTE QUESTION

as my life long instincts as an old time political street fighter and semi-pro motorcycle hooligan sprung into immediate action as I flashed a smile, turned in mid-step and bolted back to the lodge's now locked door!

Closer and yet closer the patrol was coming towards me at a now good

## PACED SPRINT

no amount of pulling would free the door open and with a final tug; the alarm started blaring an ear-splitting noise that even woke the sleeping security guard...





Emil

## ESCAPE INTO THE NIGHT!

Upset by being awoken in the middle of the night from  
his angered expression...

What must have been a nice

## MID-DREAM

and the fact that I was outside and that  
the soldiers were now shouting at me  
to assume the position; the lodge's  
rent-a-cop refused to open the door  
and rescue me from certain arrest.

## "WHO IS THIS PATSY?"

Well! She is like this really famous, dead  
singer that I had been channeling...

That is the other reason that it is blurry  
as I was at this point excluded from the  
actual conversation and their attention





## ESCAPE INTO THE NIGHT!

was now on the security guard and it was only due to his argument(s) that this

## FOREIGN DEVIL

is as crazy as a loon and something to the effect that I had only slipped by him as he was afraid that I might be infected and (I believe) that he assured them that he truly feared I might even bite him...

On being escorted back to my room, I tried my very best, my most correct

## PC/WOKE

mythology to properly convey my upmost gratitude for his most kind





## ESCAPE INTO THE NIGHT!

assistance...at which point he stopped  
in mid-step, turned and calmly spoke  
in near perfect English:

"If you ever pull this stunt again;  
I swear to you that I will shot you  
myself and leave you out for the  
street dogs to have a midnight feast!!!"

As the door shuts behind me...

Patsy is yet singing

## "CRAZY...CRAZY"

Thank you, Patsy!









Emil



Emil



# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

We have waded now into the fall of back reaches of the swamp of 2021 and little has changed – at least NOT for the better.

“A Great Civilization is NOT conquered from without  
until it has destroyed itself from within.”

We stand here on the edge of a new dark age (The Great Social Reset) and like

## GAIUS SALLUSTIUS

we are sadden by the fall and fear the coming age of darkness that is to come. As Roma was finally weakened by a cadre of a new religion who preached as to the systemic evilness of the Roman Empire, how it was founded by evil-minded white men who used the super powers of their white privilege to enslave most of the know (non white) World and this alone allowed those who had been held at bay out on the







# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

fringe of the Empire's Frontiers for almost a thousand years; it allowed them to merely walk in freely, without resistance from a population demoralized by a hundred years of demonization of themselves and how they (somehow)

## DESERVED THEIR FAITH

due to the sins of ancestors that could no long (even) be remembered. In this rare and strange time strength became evil and weakness was virtued above all and many Romans welcomed their culture's destruction as their fate and duty to escalate its passage.

Gaius Sallustius wrote all his observations for hopefully that a future civilization would read, see the same warnings signed that his contemporizes overlooked or failed to heed due to their own greedy interests, corruption or that they truly







# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

believed the indoctrination of a cadre of politically minded priest set that gave more value to the seeking of total political, social control over even, their sworn

## DUTY TO GOD

Entire Roman Legions gave up and laid down their weapons without threat due to the fact that the common legionnaire no long believed in an Empire that they had been taught was totally rotten to its core.

Why die for a society that FREELY tells and teaches you from an early age that they are evil and wicked?

Why defend ancient ways, traditions that made Roma the greatest nation in the History of the World when you are taught the invaders were mostly, immediately!





Emil



# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

sent by a Perceiving God to smite Roma on to the dustbins of history...to right the evil and wicked sins that you carried with you from your very birth as your own "Mark of Caine" due to your forefathers and their evil ways?

Let us pray...

## “WOKENESS BE THY NAME!”

Today, we are Gaius Sallustius and Gaius Sallustius is us...we share the same vantage point and see that it is true that in our own final days of the freedom; our own elite (much in the same manner as his did eons ago) dance and feast with sure abandon in celebration of the dawn of a new dark age of civilization's retreat much as his testimony forewarned us to...

Welcome to the brave new age of corporate socialism mixed very freely (not shaken but stirred) with a dash of feudalism thrown in for the benefit of our new corporate





THE WORLD ACCORDING TO

# Emil

**2019 ART SHOW**

**3rd Street Gallery**

Singapore

**MARCH 4<sup>th</sup> – 15<sup>th</sup> 2019**

WWWG Productions Ltd, Singapore  
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# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

overlords (and their paymasters...the CCP) where initially God is replaced by demanded all people swear fidelity to our new corporate masters if they want to maintain their social credit score and not be subject to cancelation from

# PROPER SOCIETY

As the cadre of Roma's priestly cast used the fear of a vengeful God willing to smite all that dare question the words or demands of his designated servants (or so they successfully claimed that they were); so too is our new priestly clan of WOKE Warriors follow closely in their footsteps.

And thus as what was before; we stand today yet again upon the cliffs of the end of the civilized world as did Gaius Sallustius as he looked on upon the world's fall into a





Emil



# WINTERTIME LOVES & RANDOM LOVE STORIES

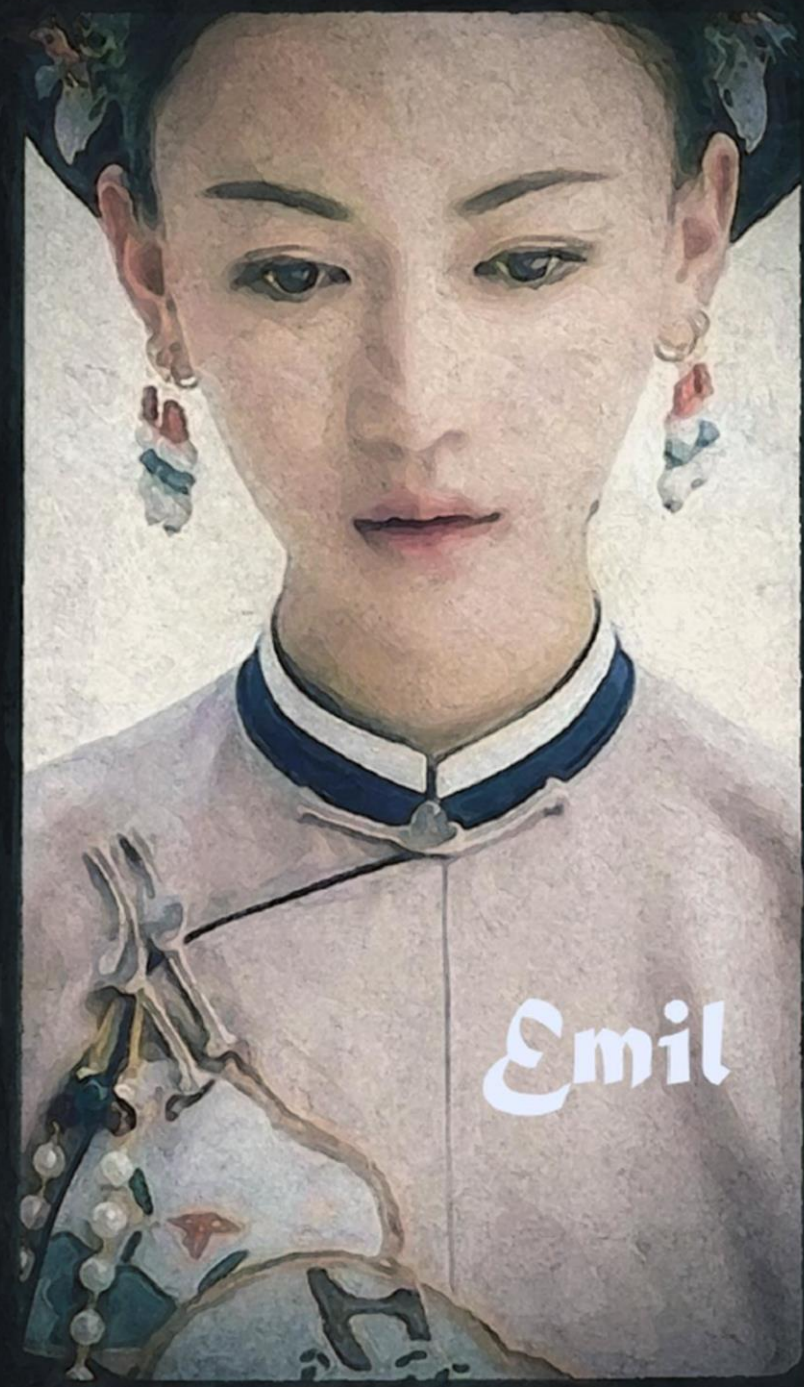
deep dark age that took a 1,000 years to regain our proper sense. Just as he wrote; there is no easy return and much as for the few of his age that cried out, sounded the clear warning mainly gained only punishment and even death; today, we are too dutifully warned that our own age's

# WOKE TALIBAN

will descend down upon all of us who dare to raise our cries from out of the wastelands that await all who dare speak to the truth...any of us who elected the Blue Pill of Freedom...

Our Woke Taliban Brothers dutifully warn all who dare question their Divine Destiny will be cast into the great maelstrom(s) of a life outside proper society!







# ATTENTION CAMPERS!

To all of fellow warriors in the battle over untruth, to all of my fellow travelers who share in the belief in the ancient Mantra of Hell,

**“THE TRUTH IS THE TRUTH!”**

and please allow me a few moments of your time to share with all five or six of my most eternal fans, my most steadfast supporters and the core of the actual buyers of my books; I was not to have a say in the assembly of this edition as WWWG said that I have already reeked the whirlwinds of mass, literary arts destruction and have personally brought about the near economic collapse of WWWG Productions Ltd.

I was at first faltered by their comment(s) that I had, alone and totally all by myself, done something that no one had done before, in bringing the Internet together...Then, they added, “against you!”

**I said “UHH???”**







# STILL CRAZY FOR EMIL? OH MY!

Given the bitterness of this Great Year of Plague and Emil's continued interment, lock down on the Island of Penang – which means that we have spent a large part of the past month wading through 100 variations or abstractions of Emil's room confinement and deluged by endless telexes from the Emil pleading poverty and seeking a WWWG bailout... Instead we sent Emil several of his backup portable drives by DHL and asked him to piece together from that a new edition of interest...

## THIS IS IT!

I am beyond shocked and somewhat amazed by this topic as this was part of the unfinished assignment that we commissioned, that we sent him to Hong Kong to do – right before his “Detention” by the HK Thought Police.

Hope you all will enjoy this blast from the past!

**- SEINE**







# AS YOU CAN SEE...

Seem that I truly was on a roll...I did get a lot done last night in the wee late hours and this inspiration extended well thru the mid-morning and I just realized that I seem to have misplace both breakfast and lunch...

Time it seems to take a much deserved break...except...my friends...  
there is no where that I can go...

They (the lodge/hotel/boarding house - call it was you will) kind of banned me from the lobby...I am on the black list the

*"Do not even try to sit down and  
read the morning paper"*

Yea! that list, Bubba!

Who would have guessed that the very agreeable front counter staff would be so swiftly and so utterly get bent totally out of shape...they did seem more than just rather upset by my presence in the lobby dressed...

I though rather properly in best robe and PJs??? I even had on the matching feet for my Easter-inspired jumpsuit PJs! Like didn't they say  
"make yourself at home..."









# AS YOU CAN SEE...

And when I do just that...

It is like I had created a moral sin...?

Whatz???

I think it is a racist thing...I do!!!

WTF???

Don't like Punk Easter Bunnies?

While I may not still be a faithful, Jesuit  
trained Catholic or even a slightly  
more sinful Mormon...

Yes! I do drink...!!

I consume mass quantities of coffee,

Yes! I do...like daily...!!!

This is an outrage...

I wrote the Pope but, but they said that he  
was busy with the Chinese...

Why Not?

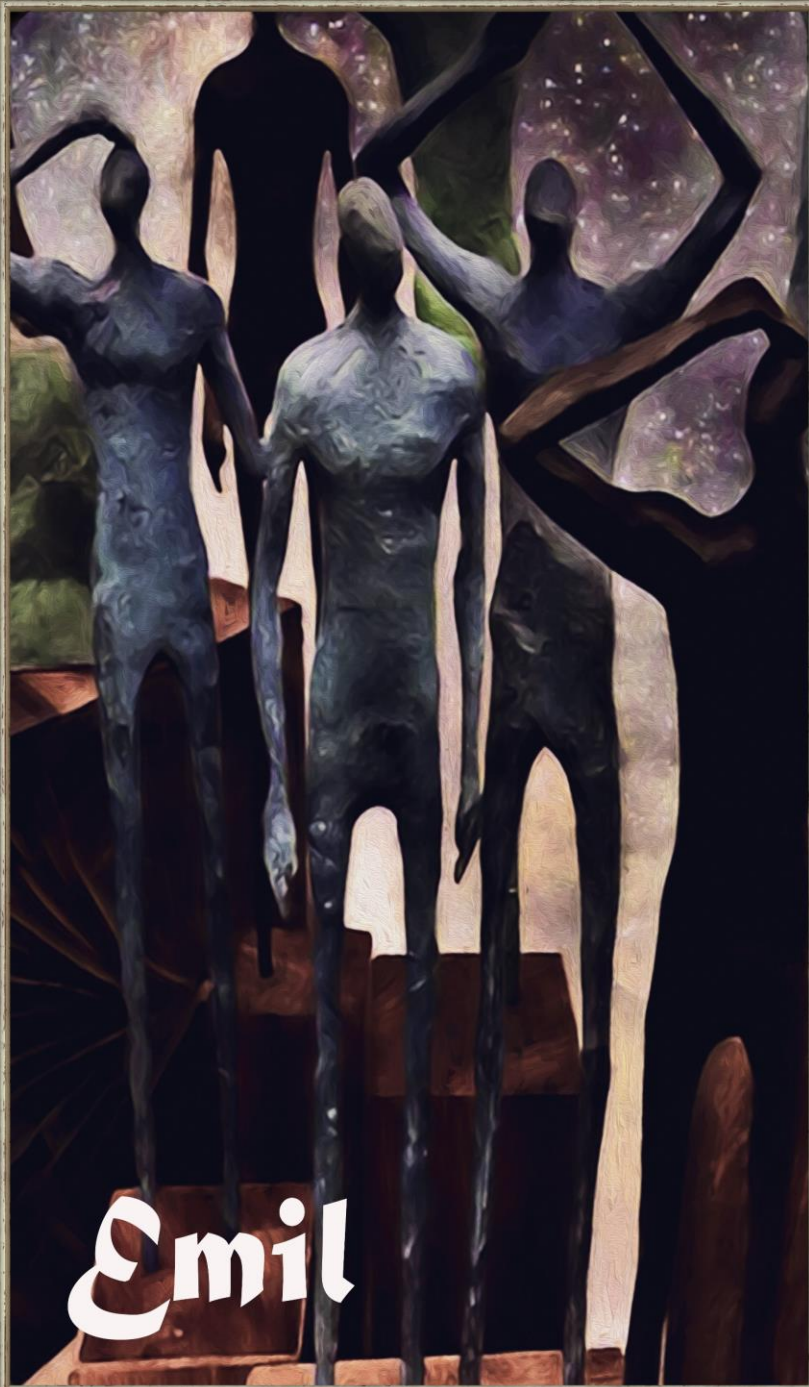
Everyone else seems to be, too!

Anyway...the dining room is still available...  
least, it is after I posted that announcement  
that they were trying to starve me to death..."







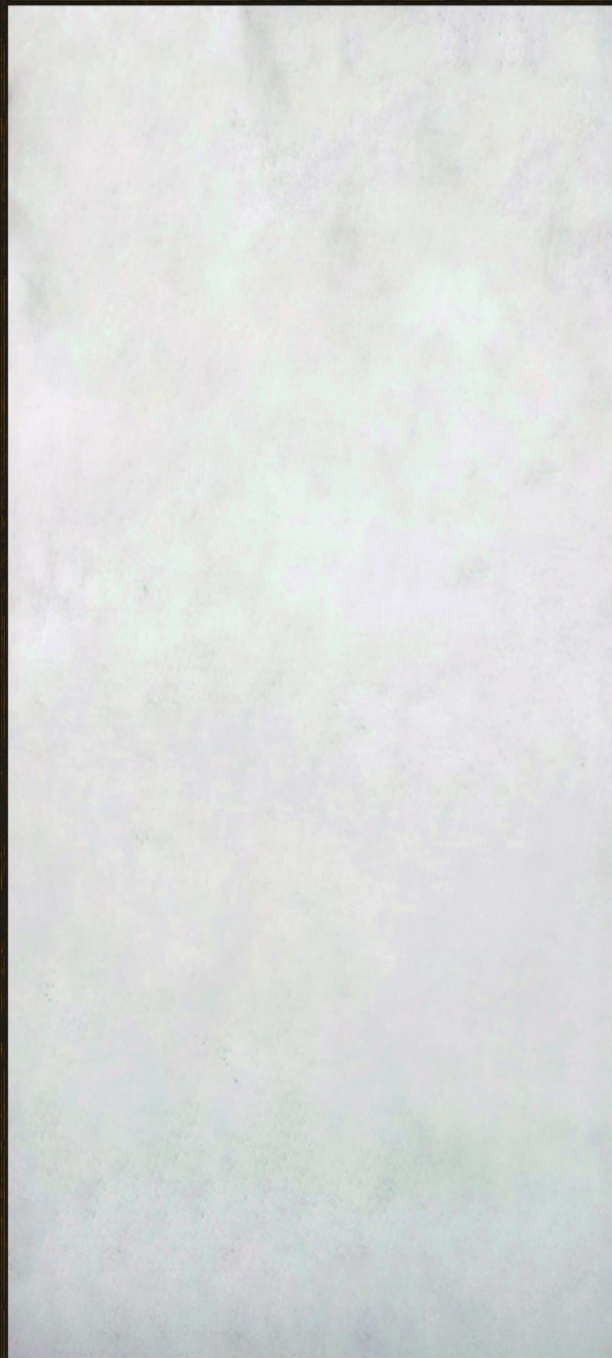
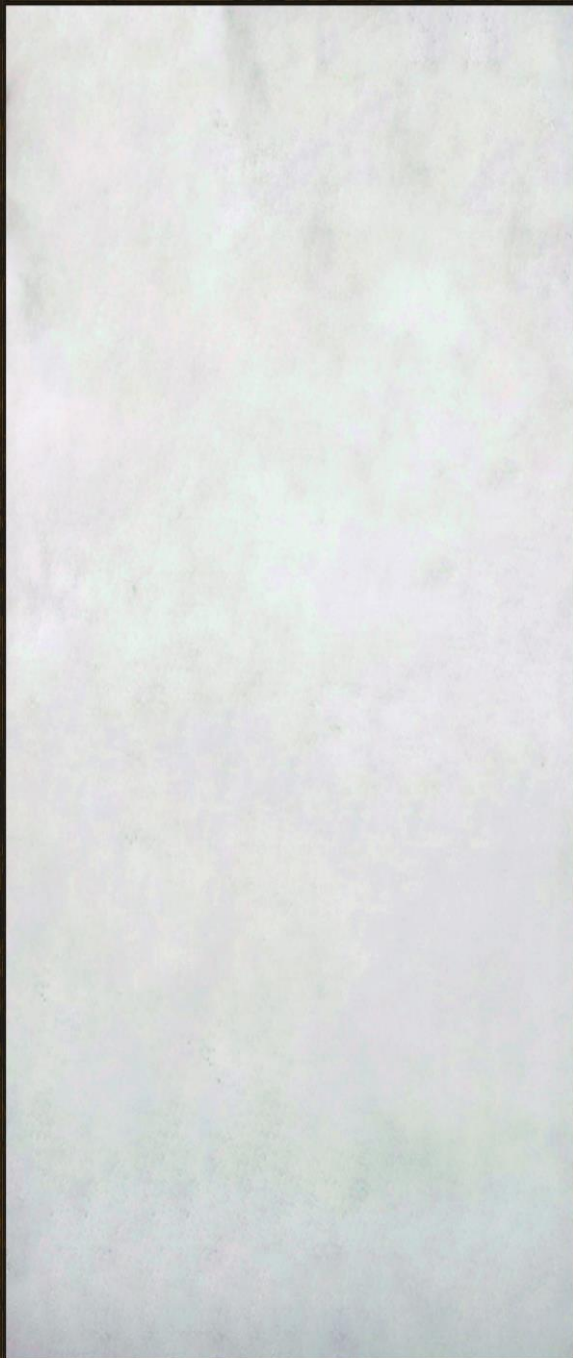


Emil



Emil



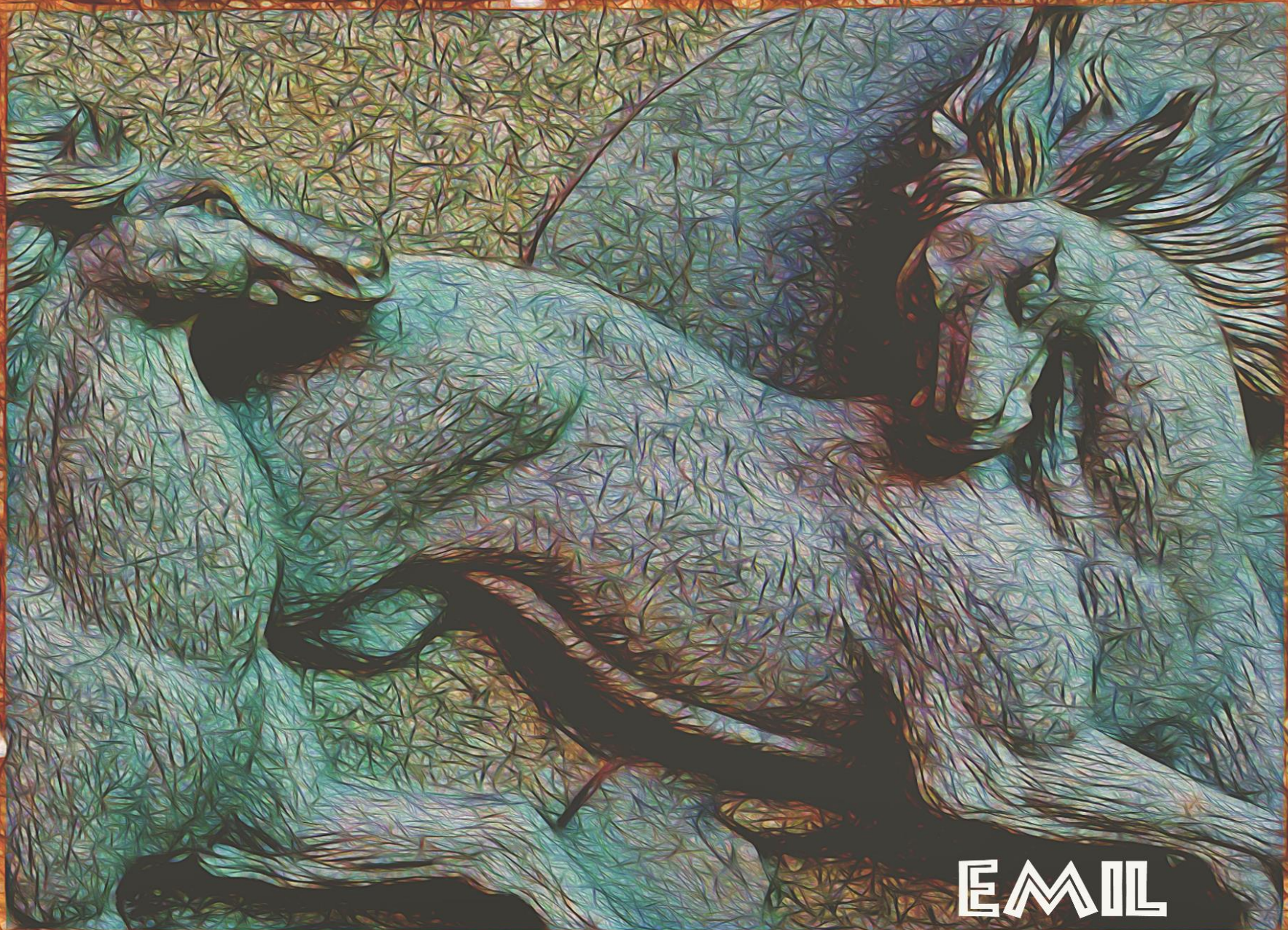




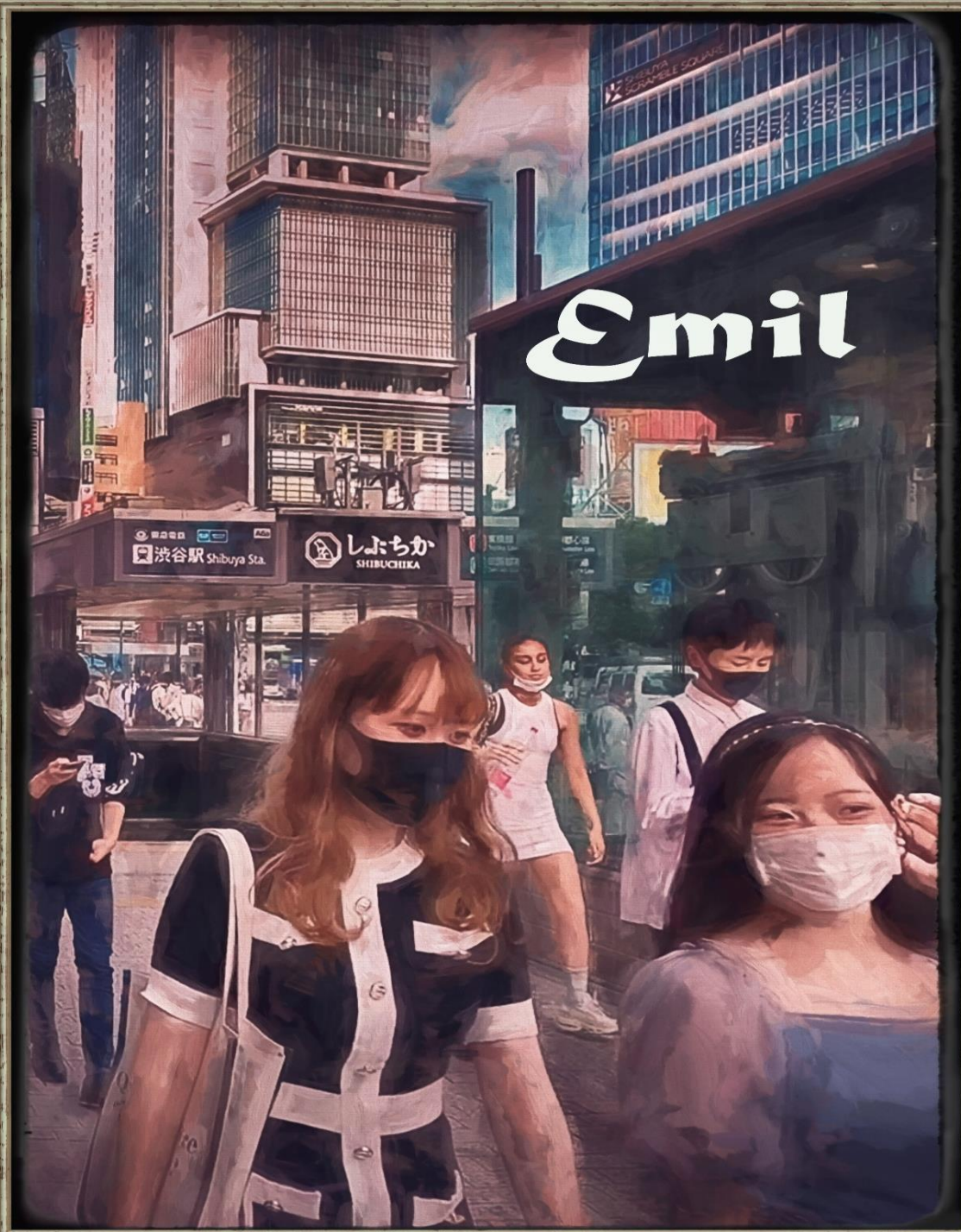
Emil







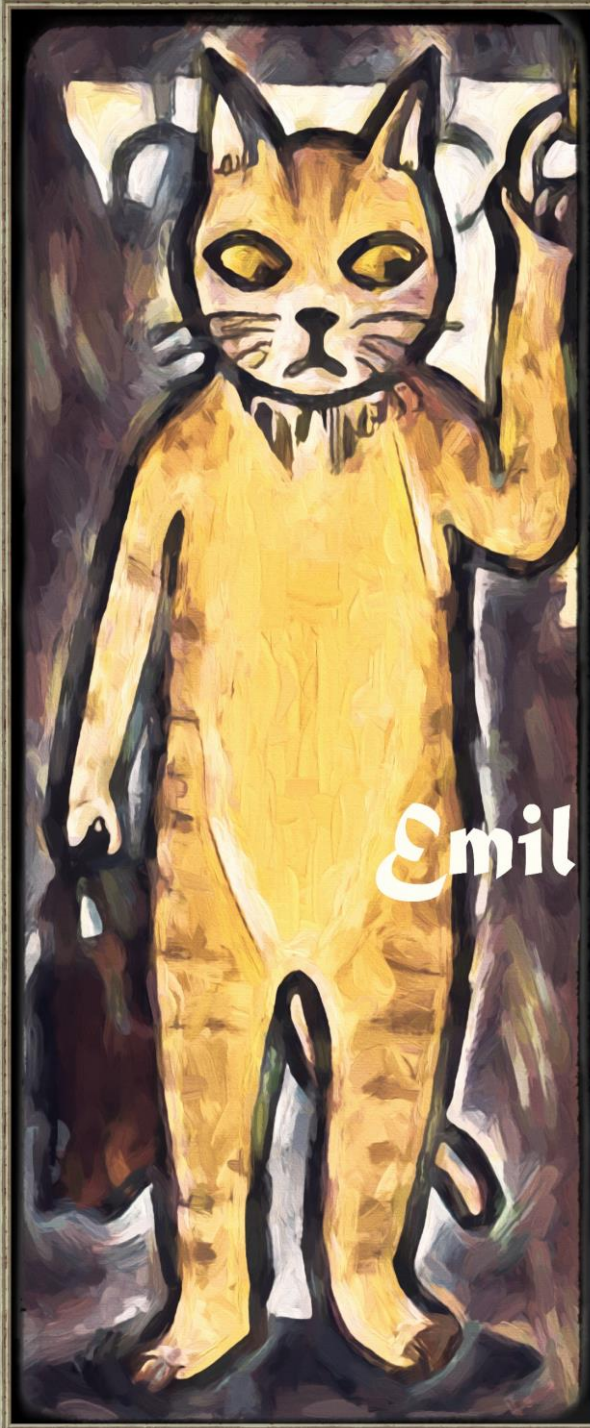














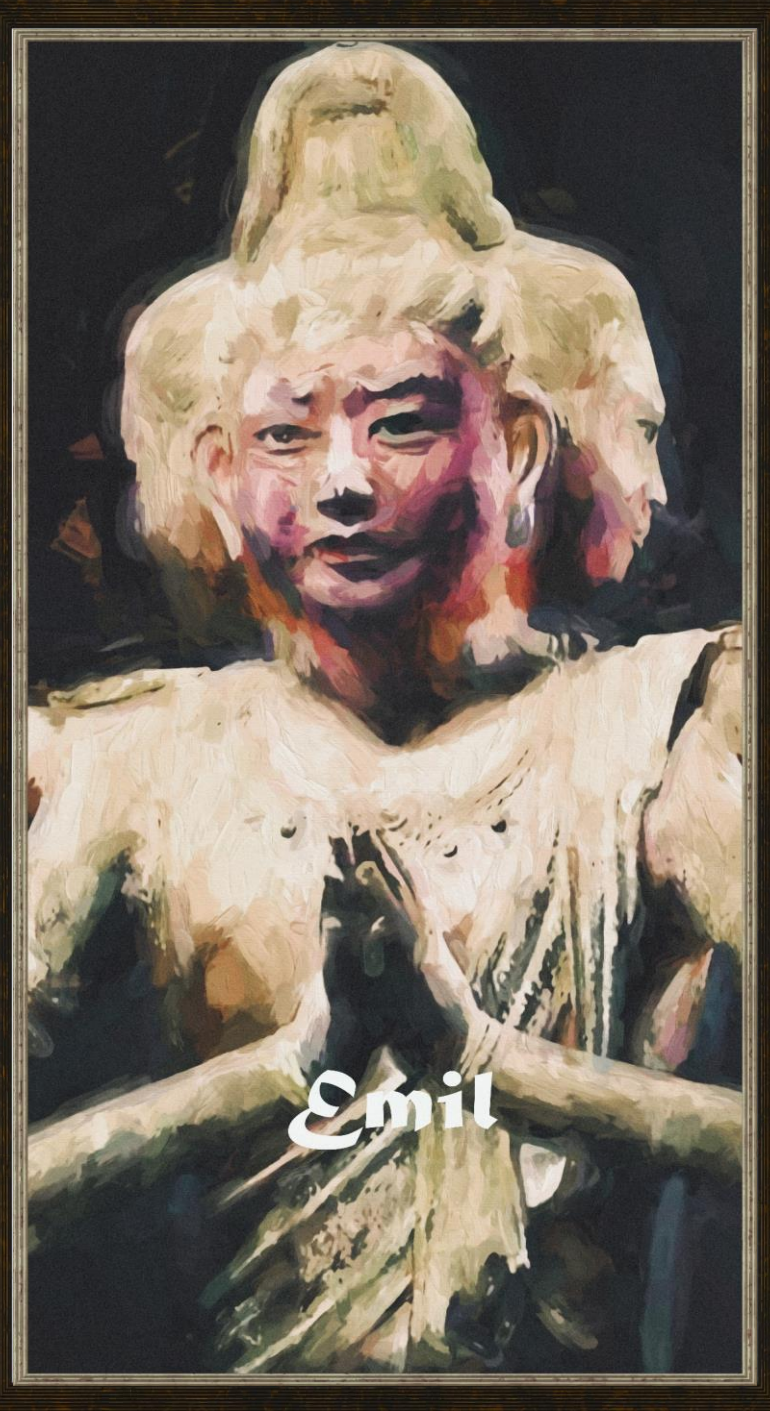


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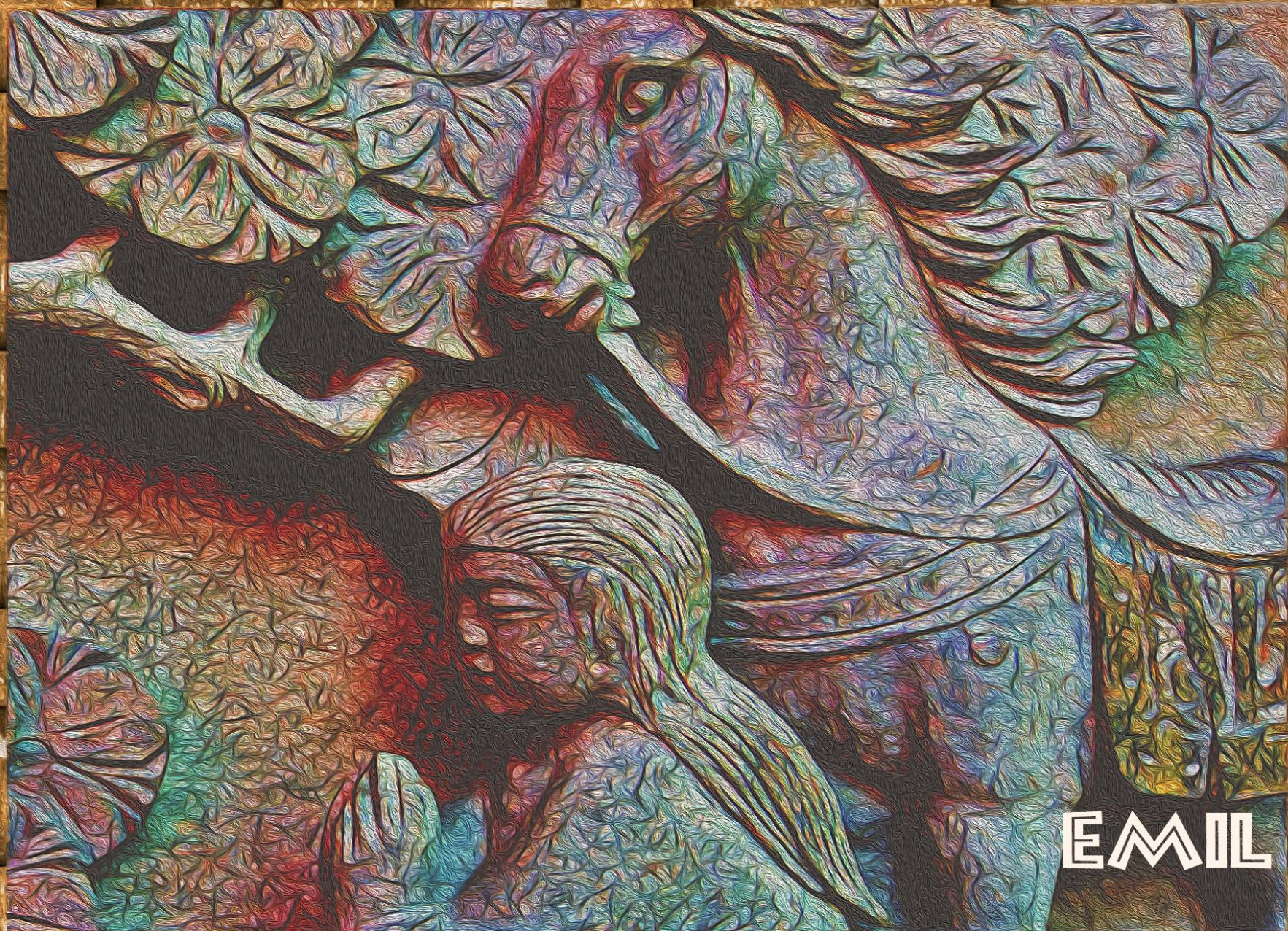










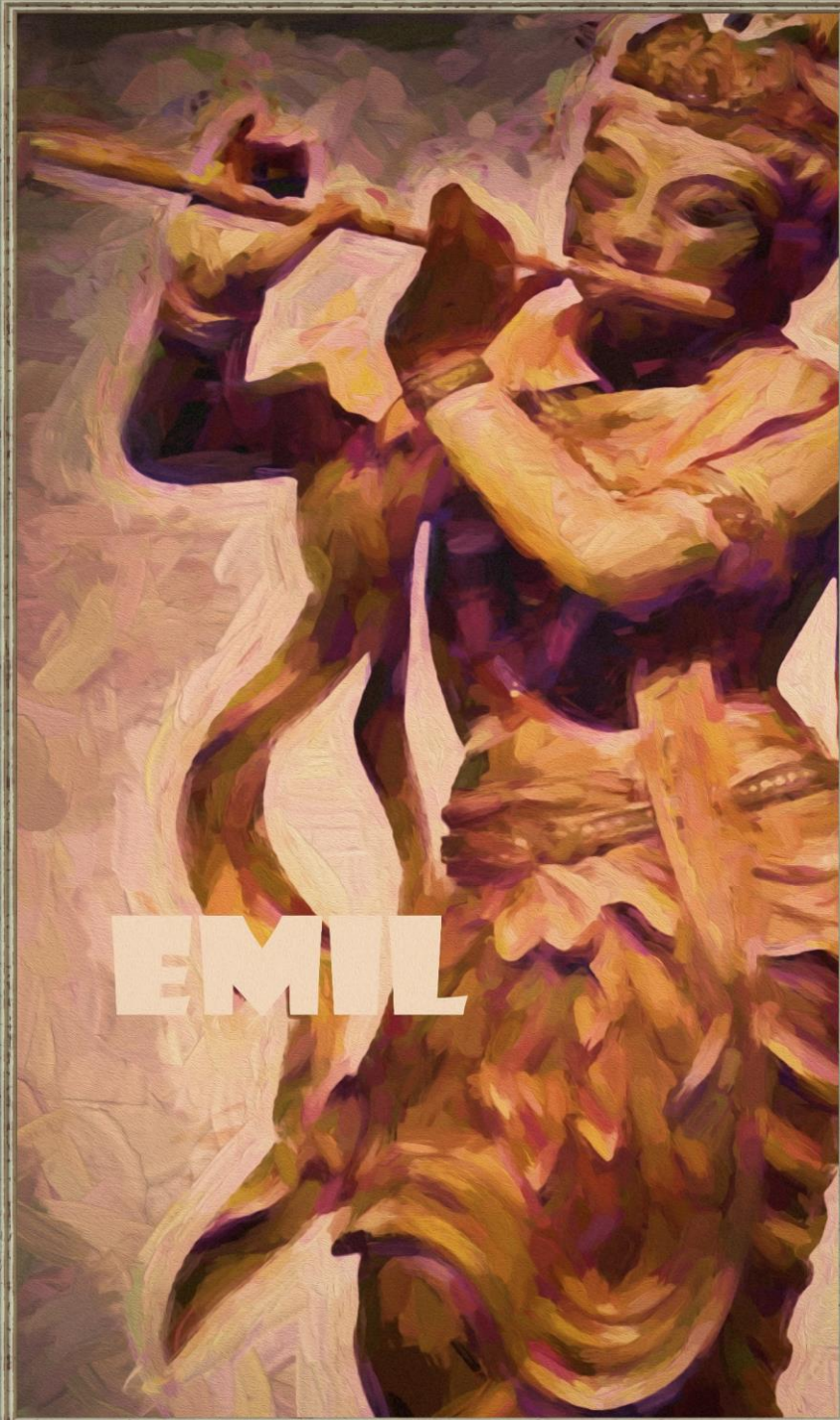


EMIL







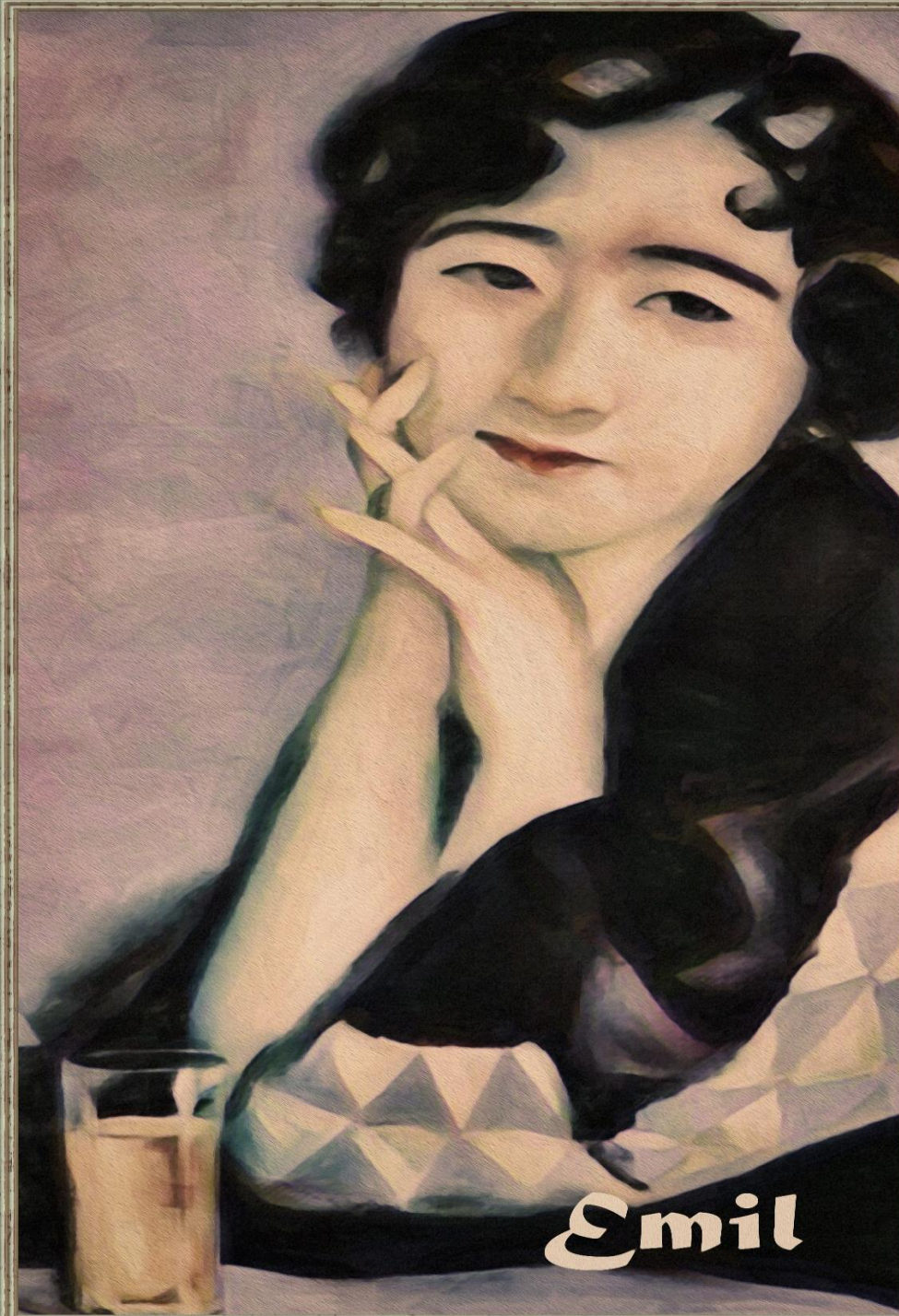


EMIL



Emil



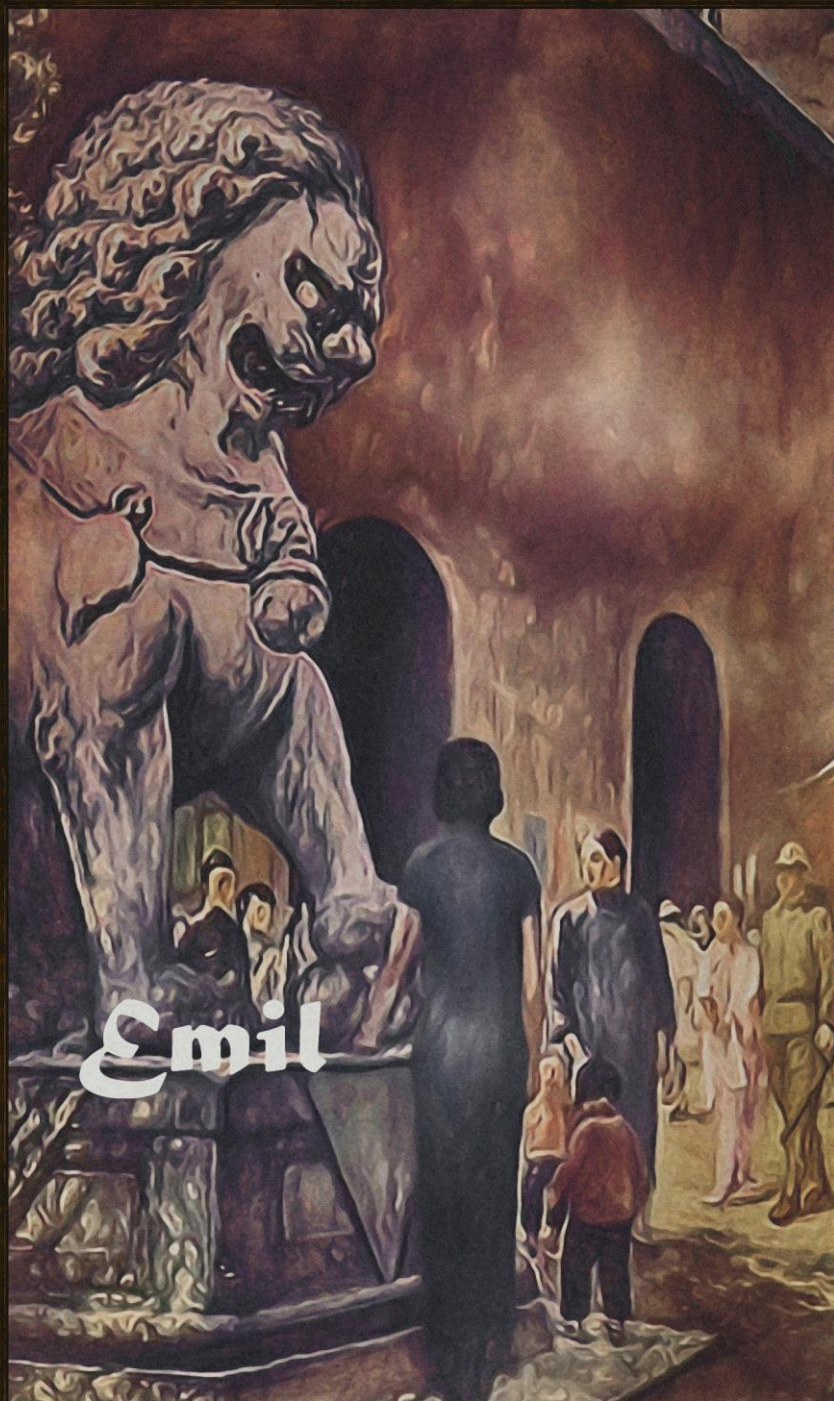






EMIL











和服店 EMIL



Emil







Emil





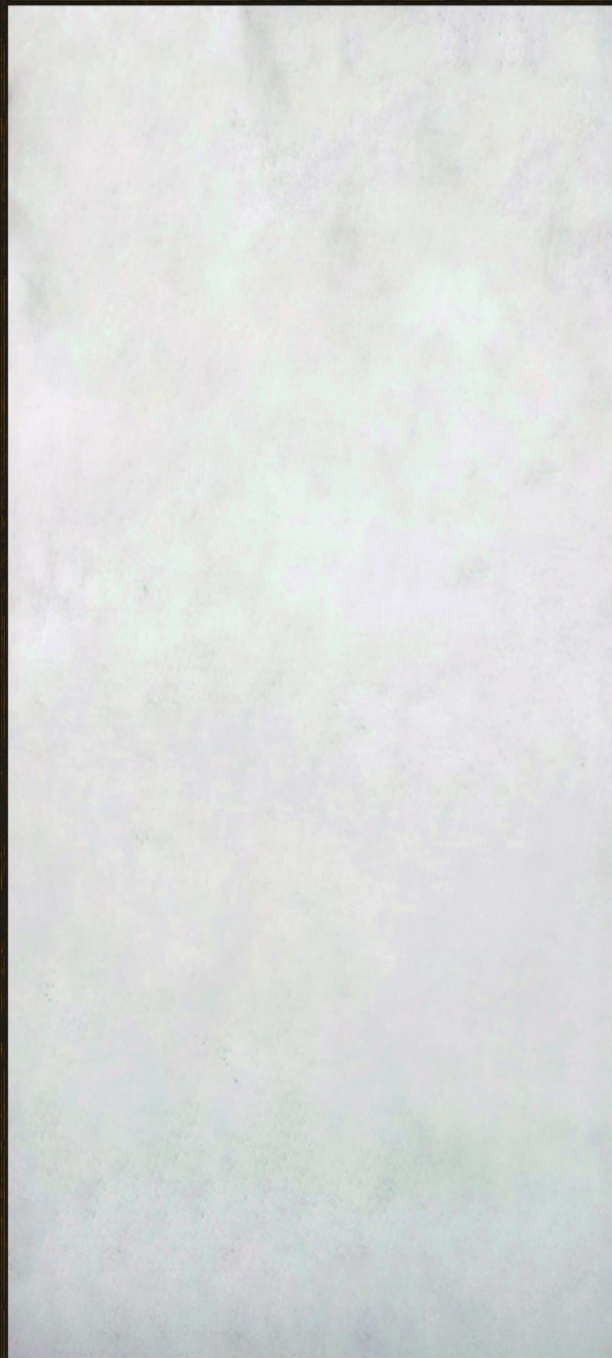
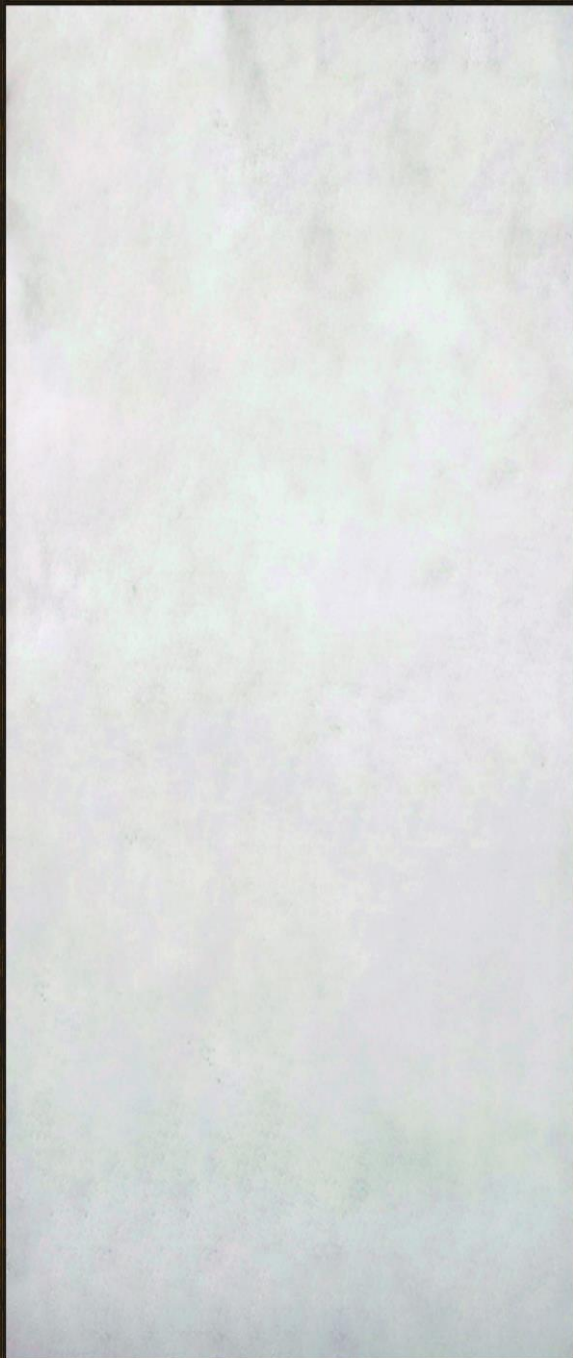
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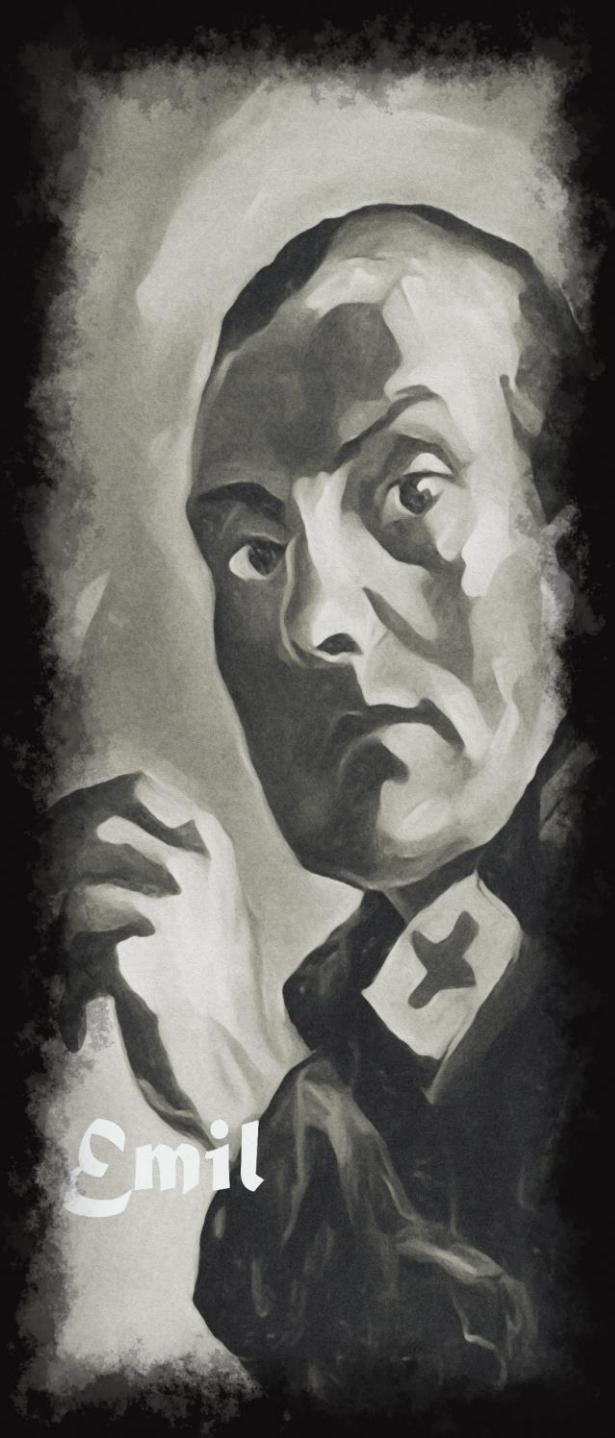














Emil



Emil



Emil



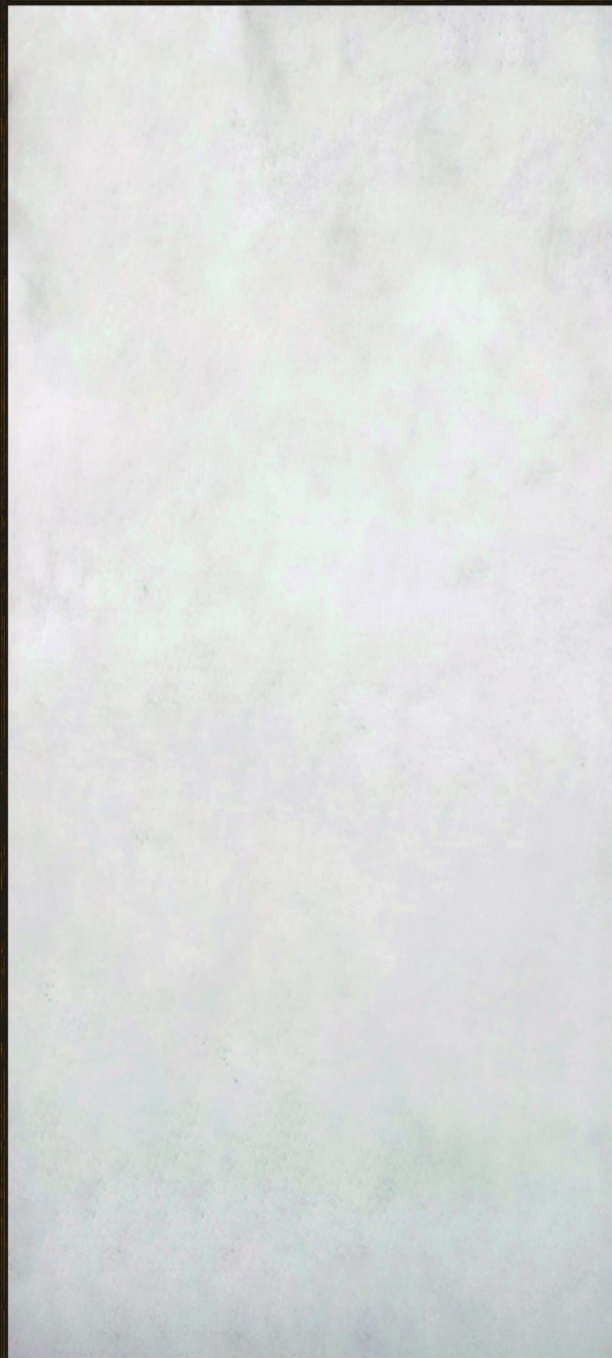
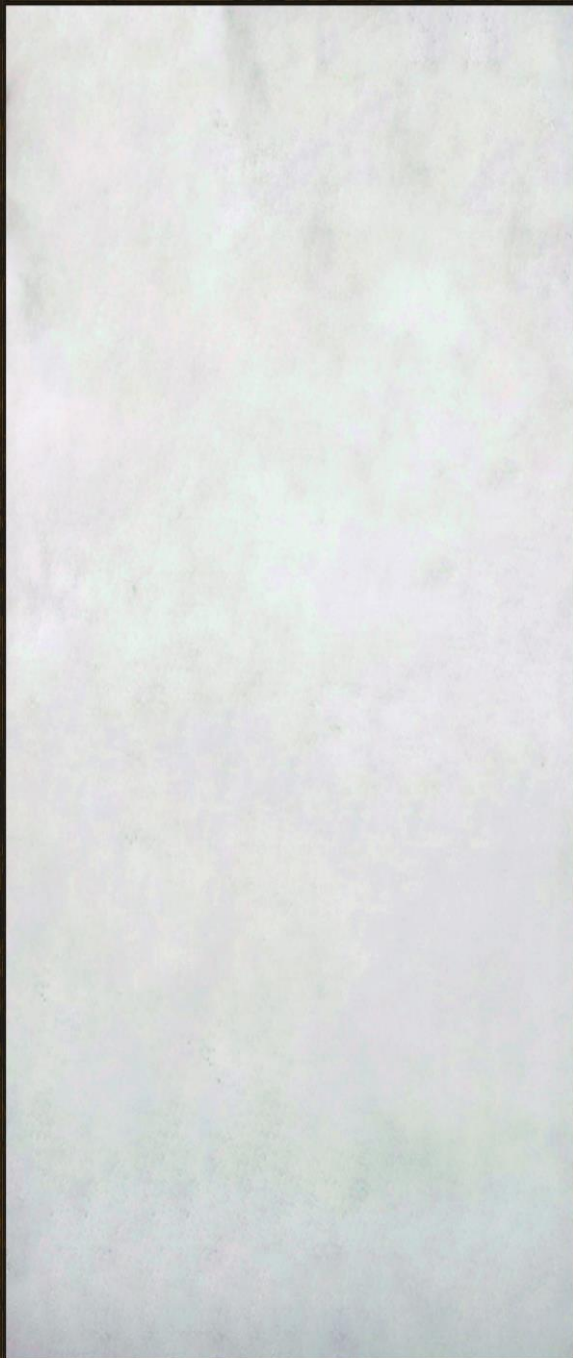










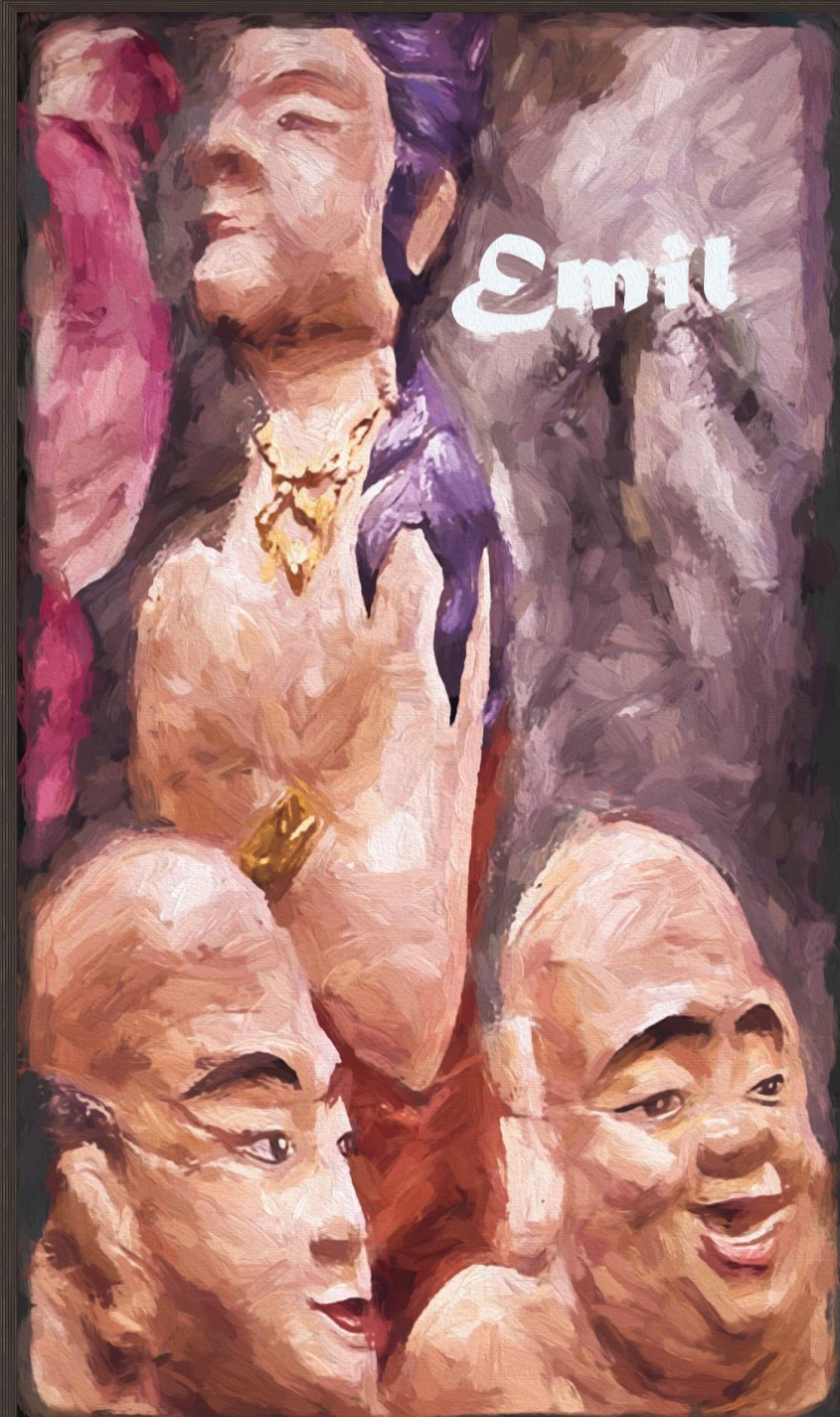






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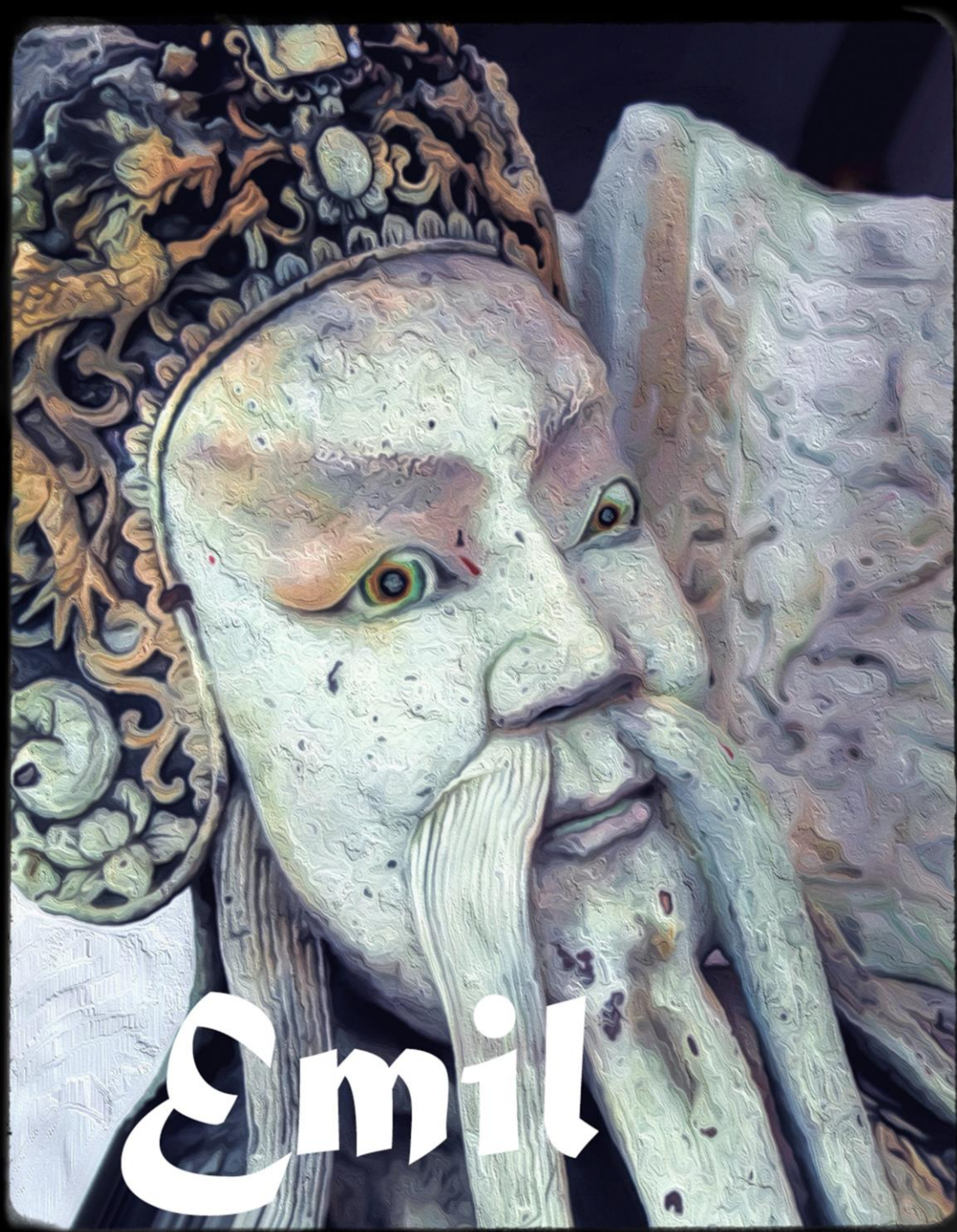






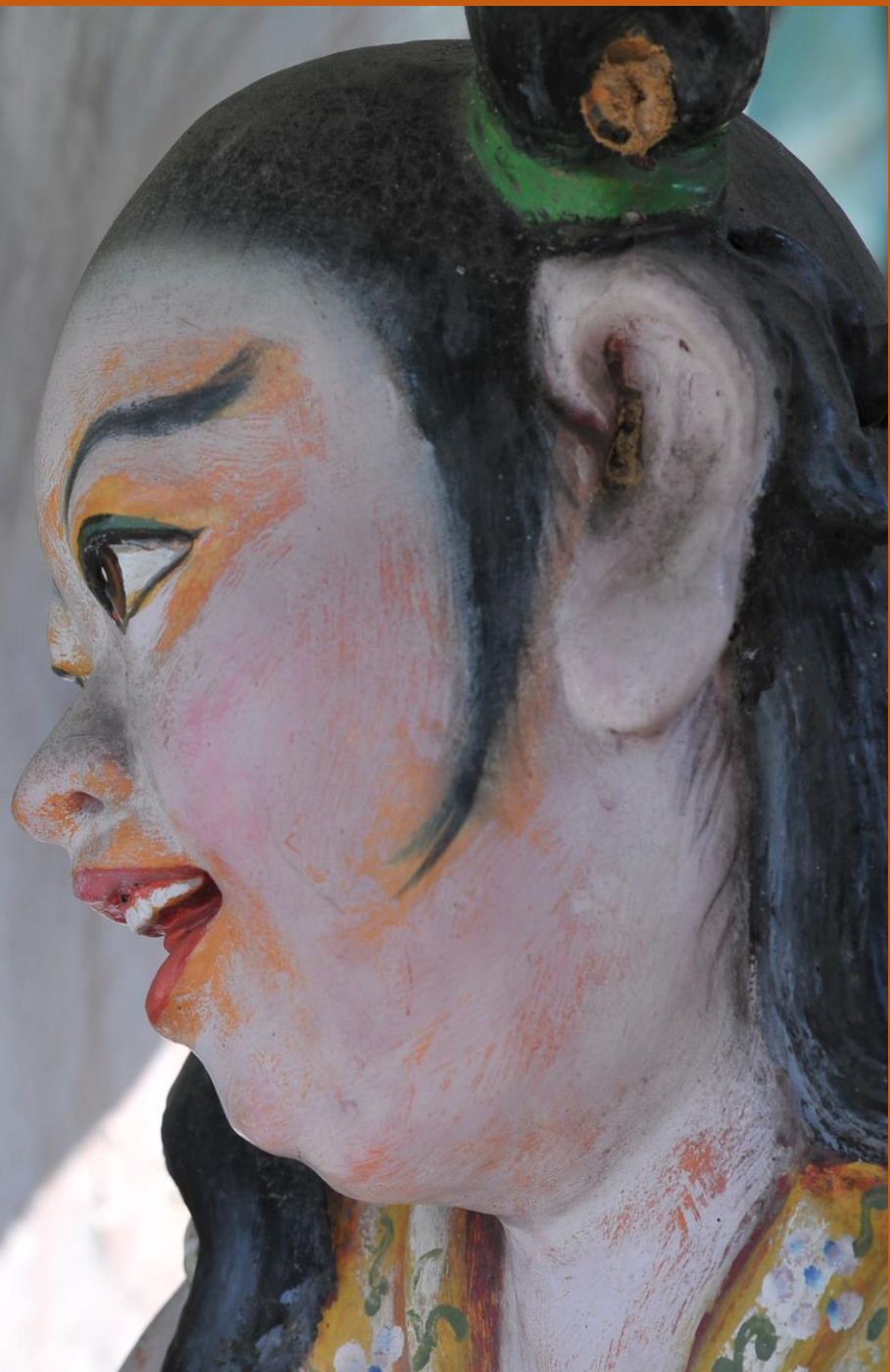




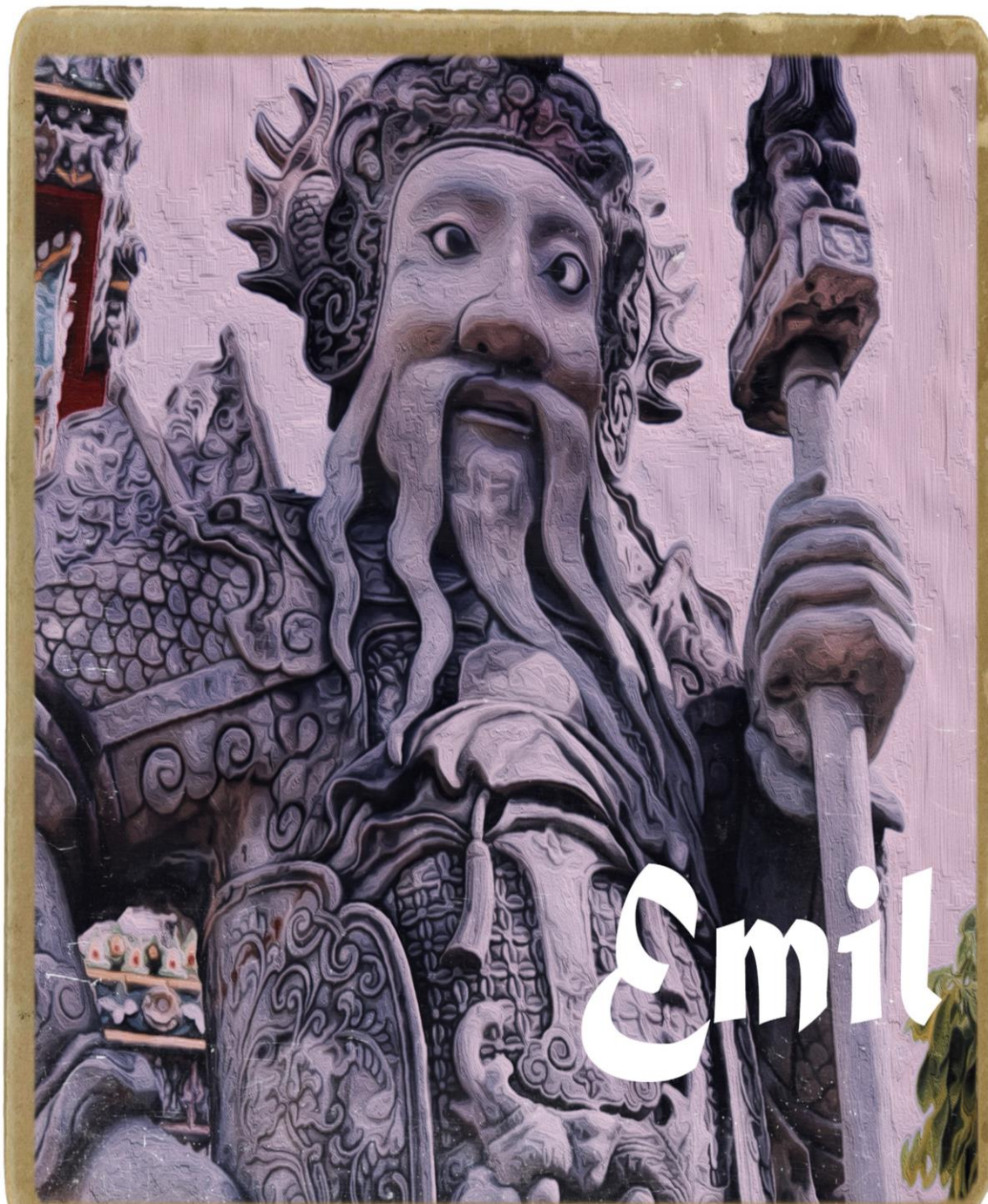




他是紅孩兒  
的兒子牛魔王



















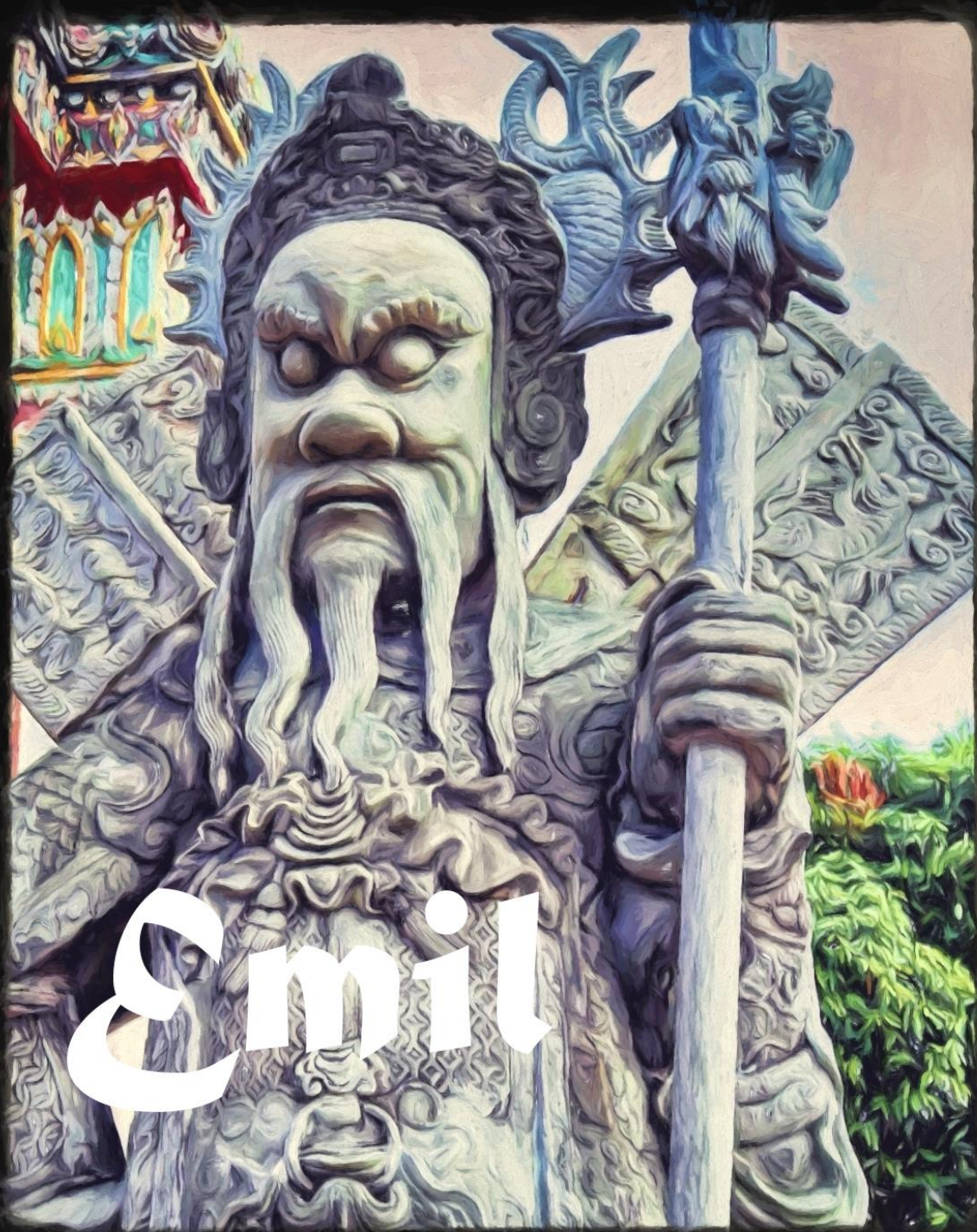














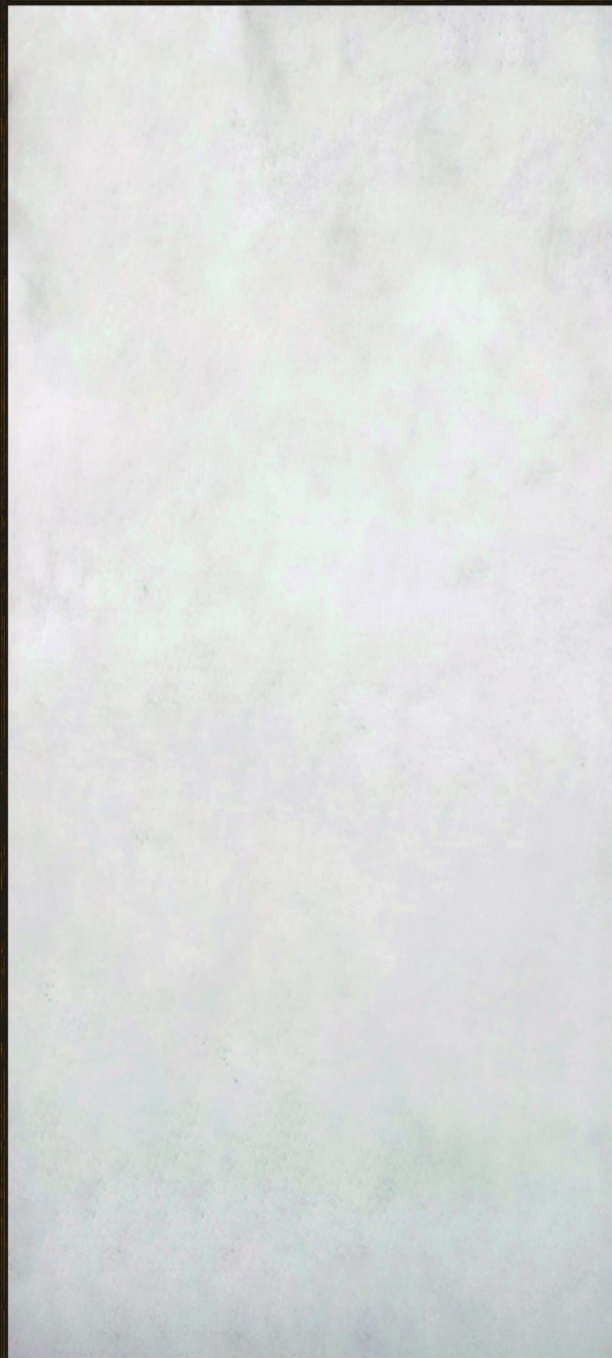
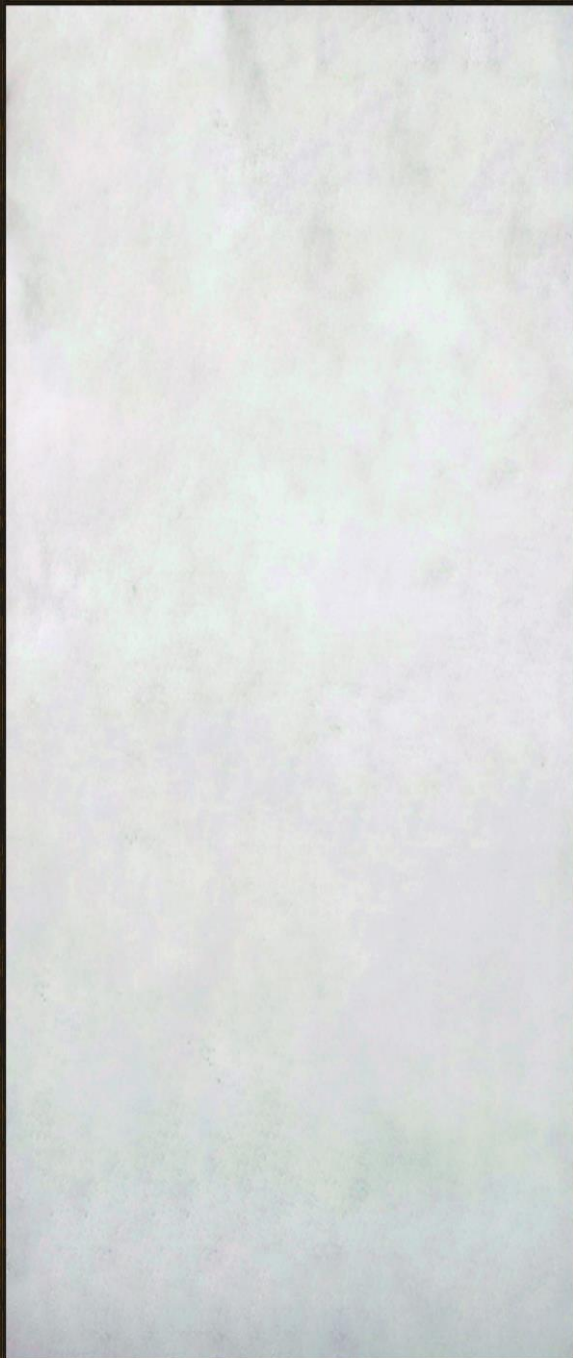
# Emil















# DAWN TIME

BY  
EMIL WEST

Emil

























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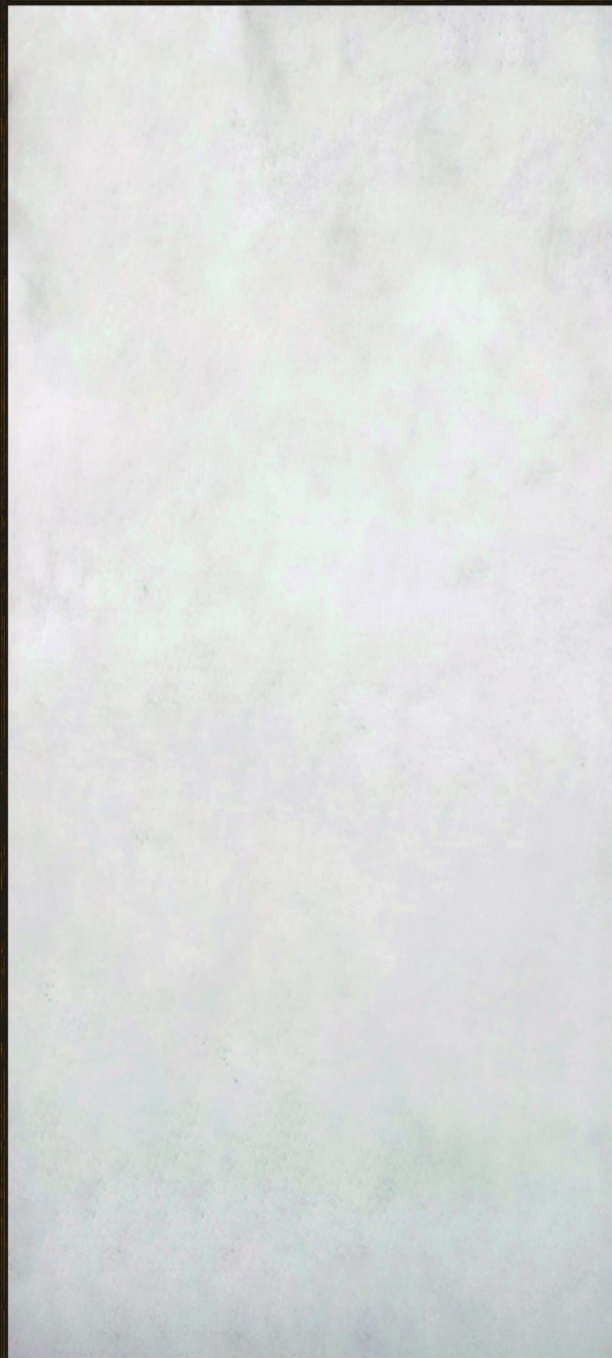
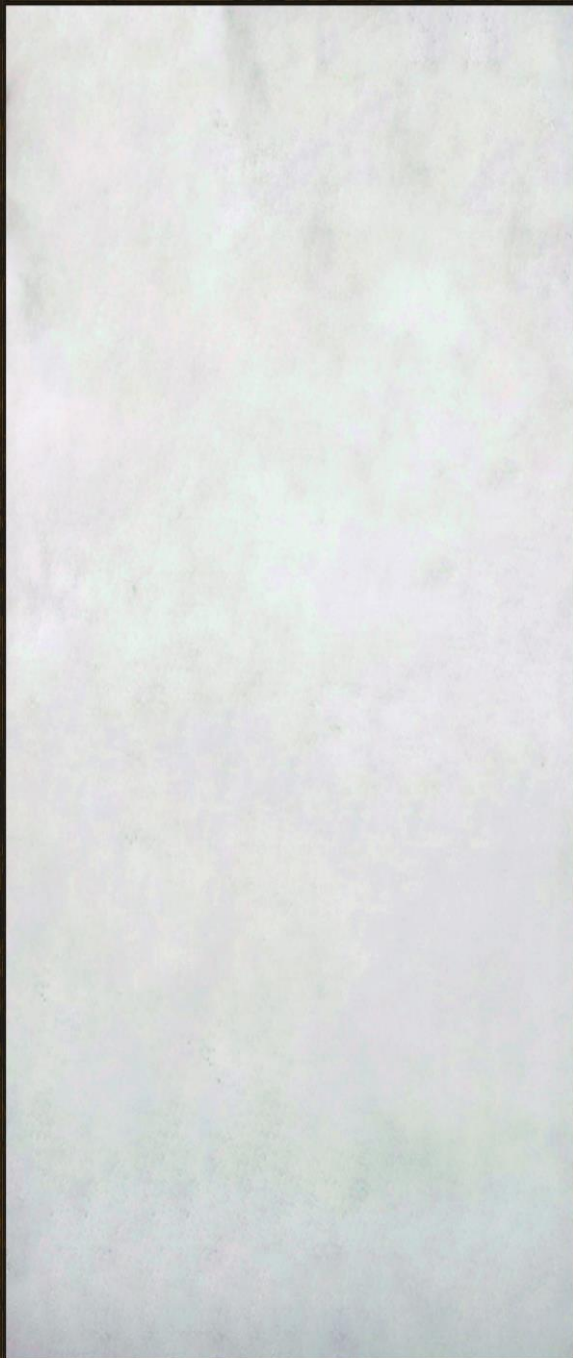


Emil

祝福您吉祥如意

年春禮萬佛，













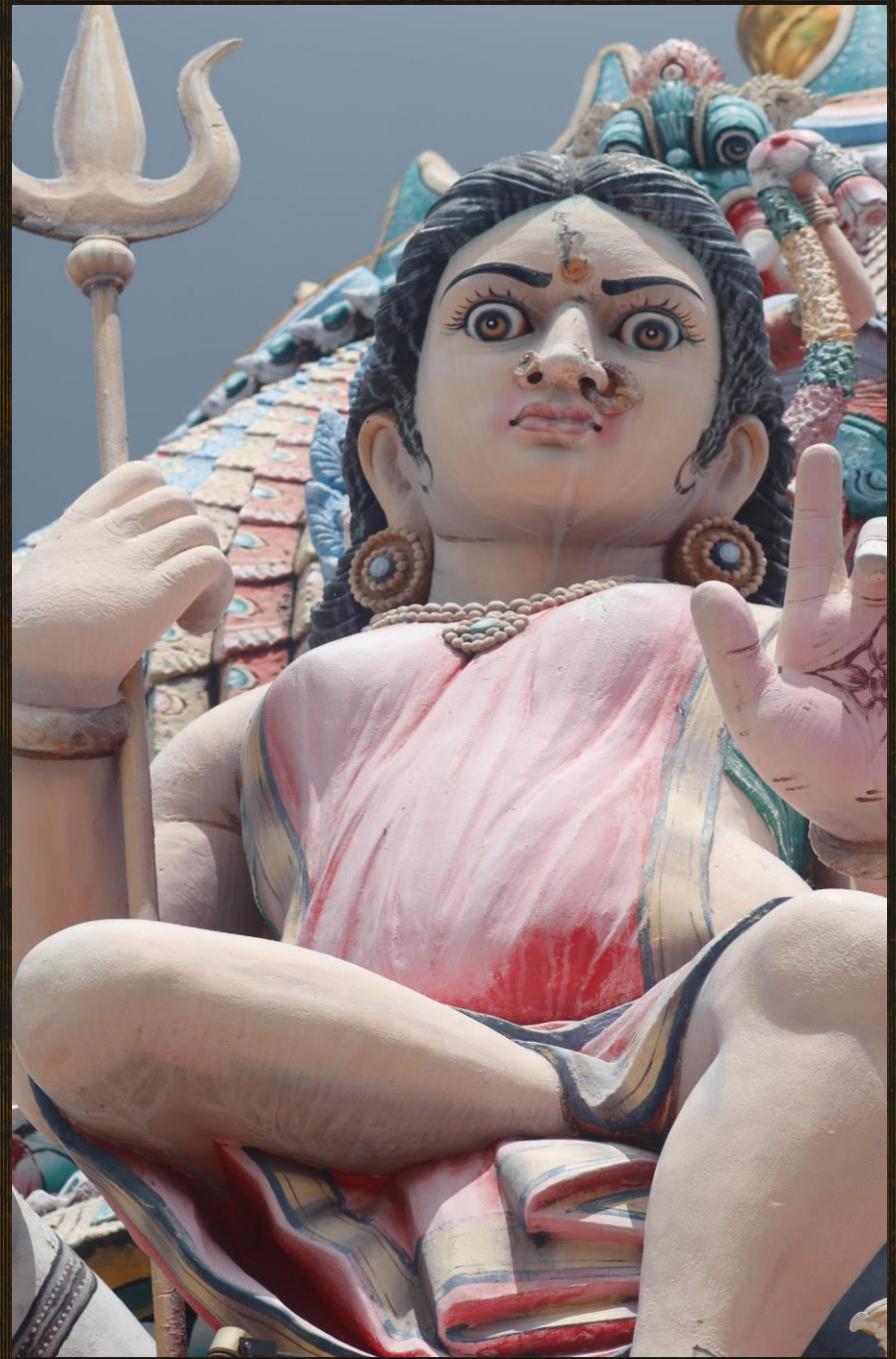








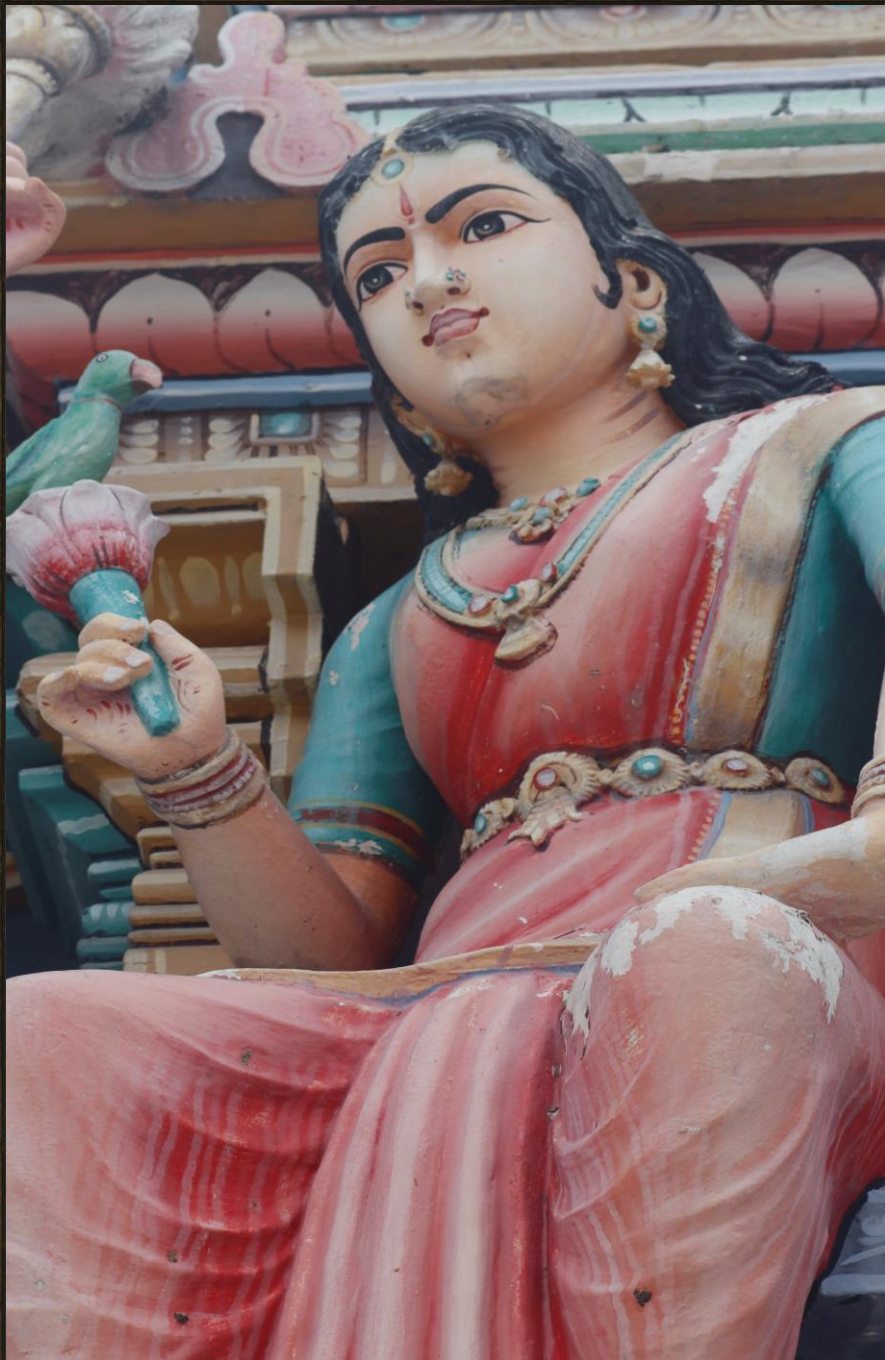




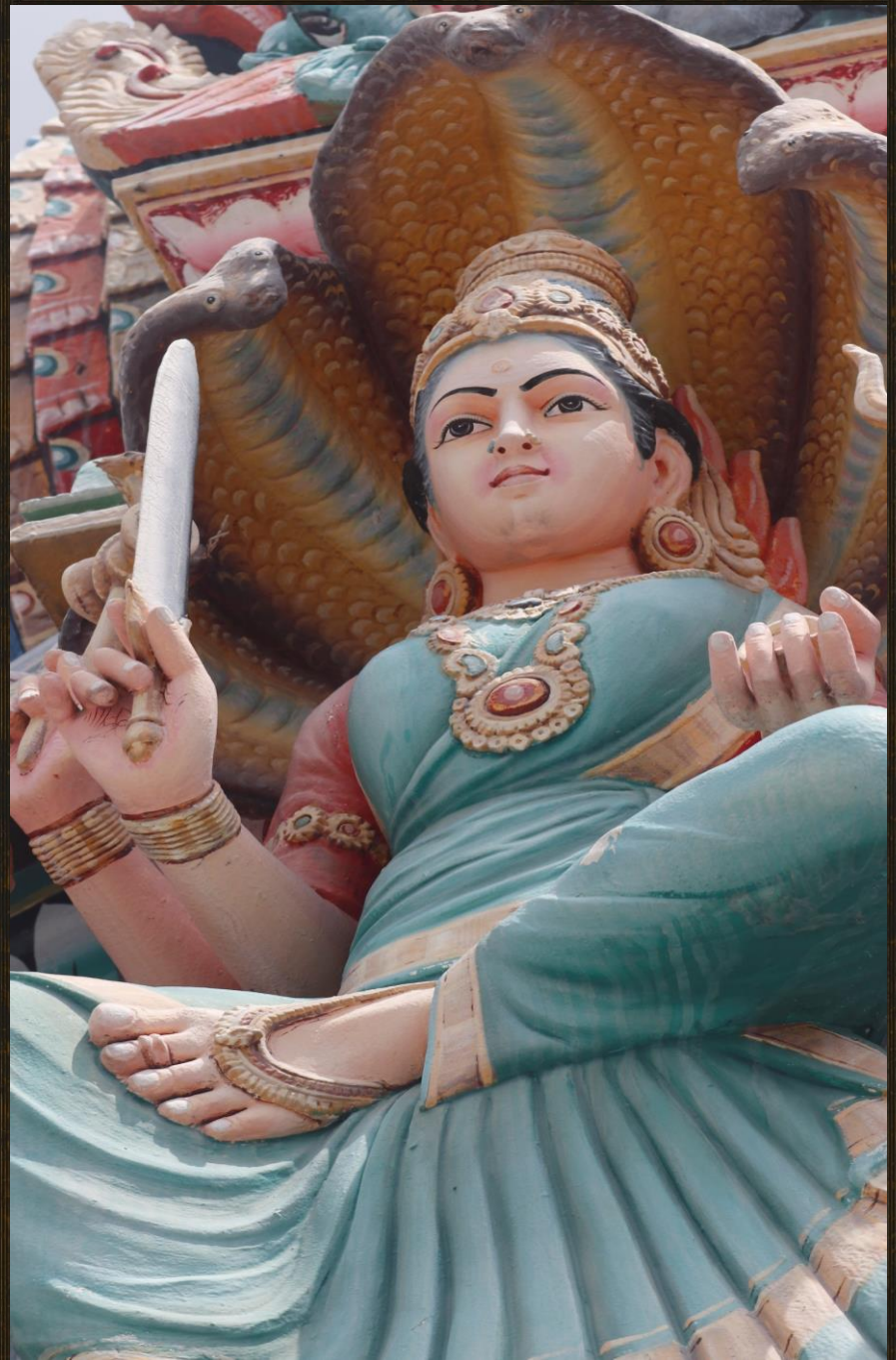








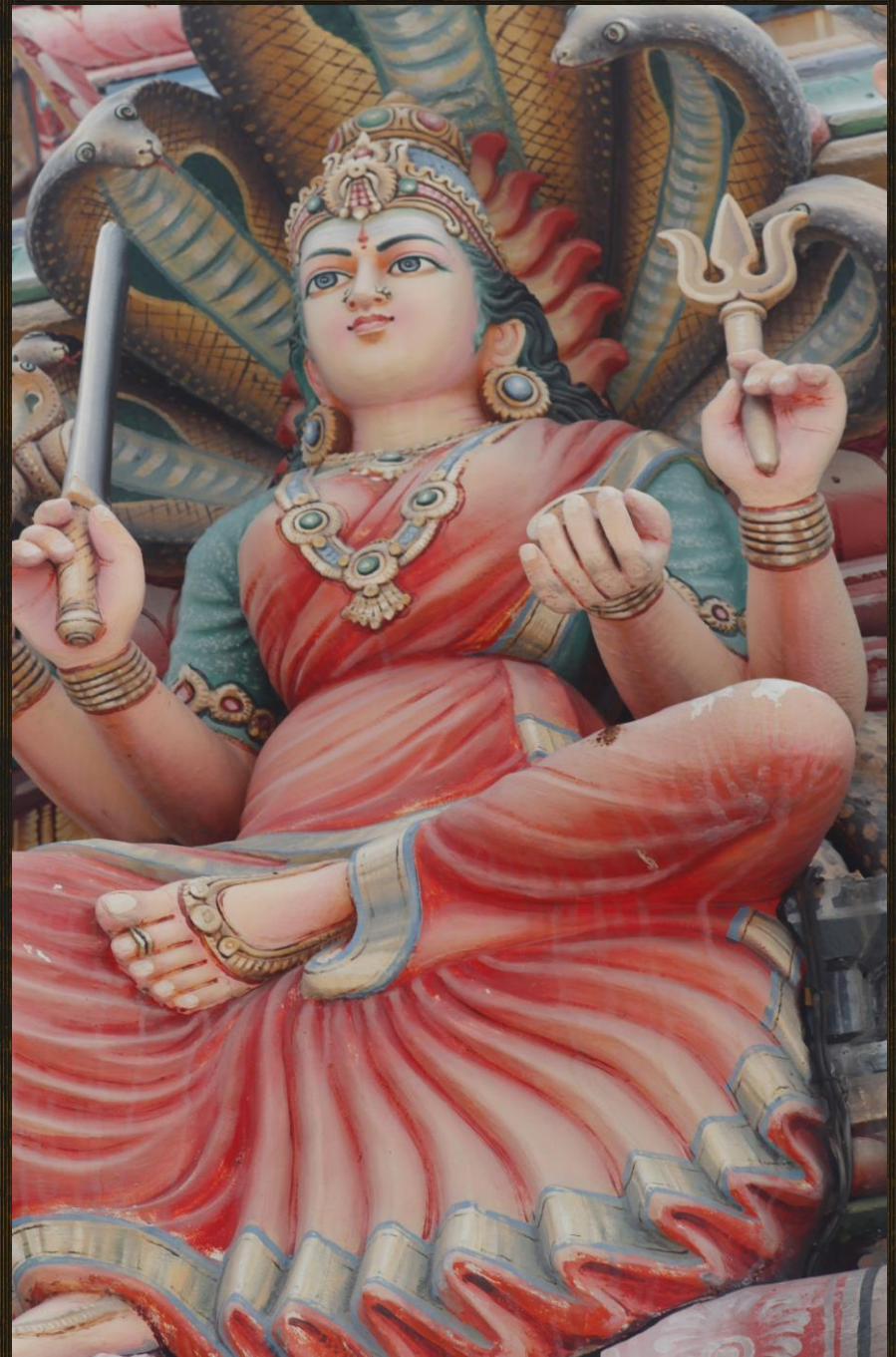
























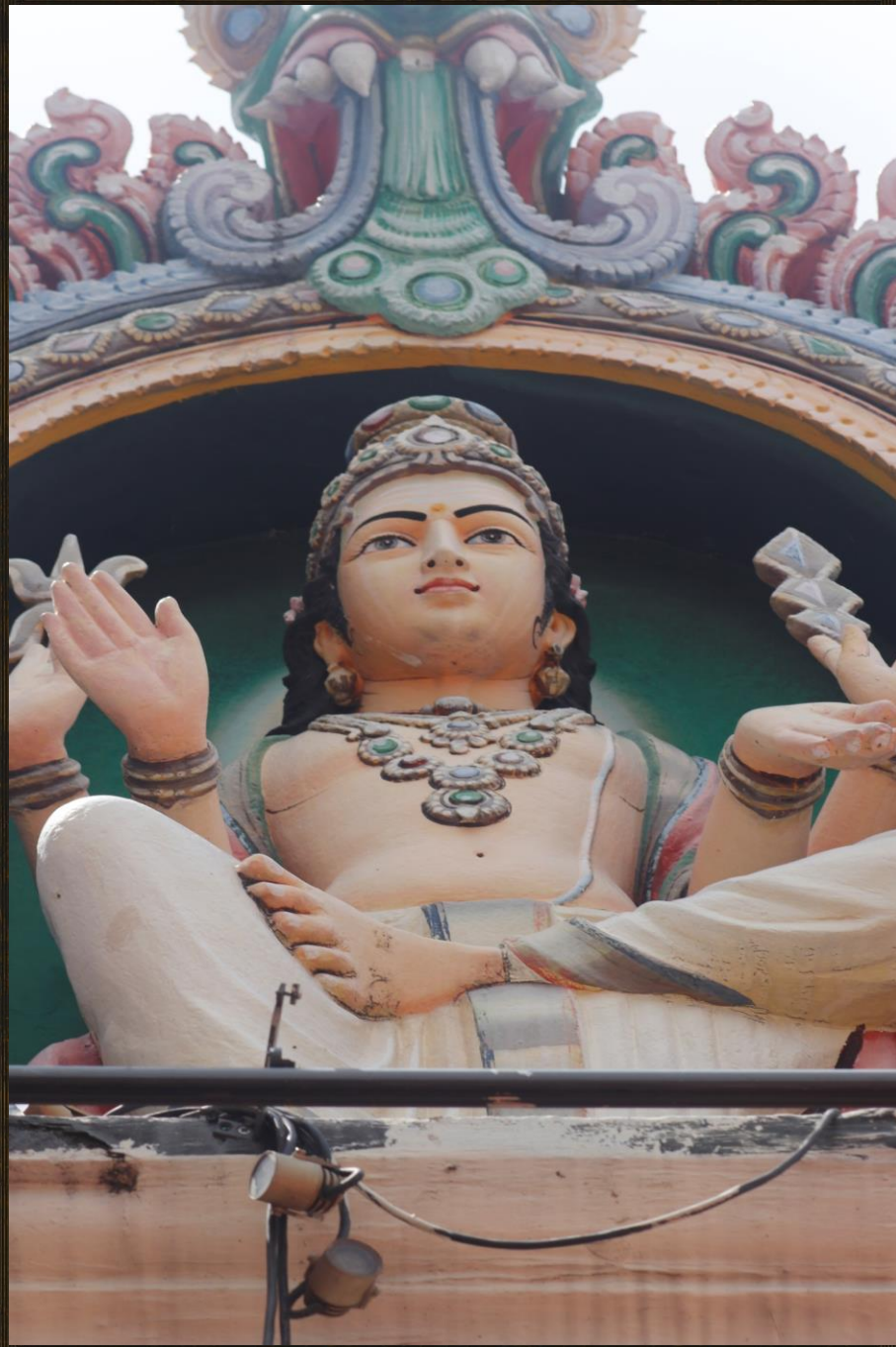








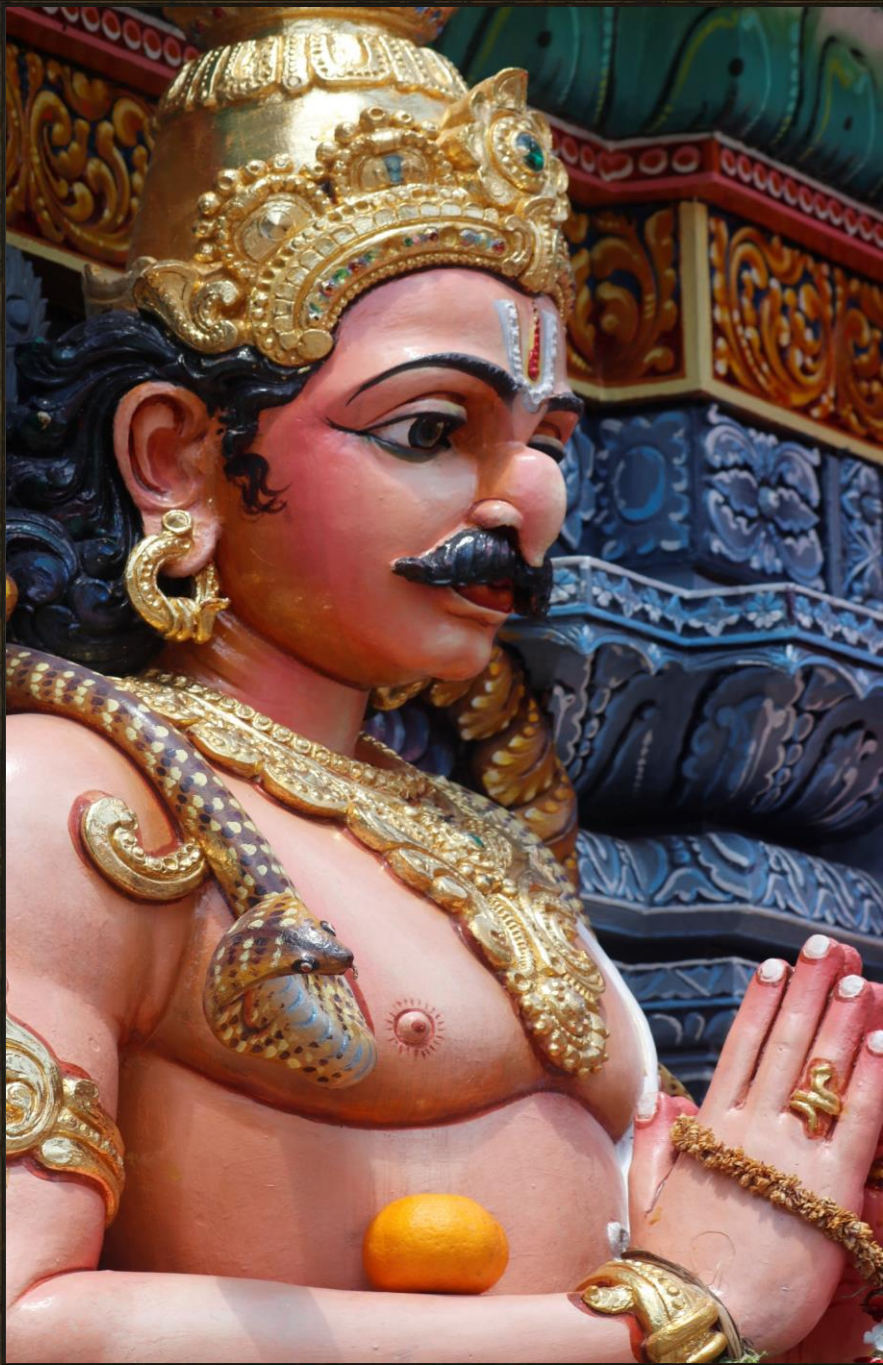








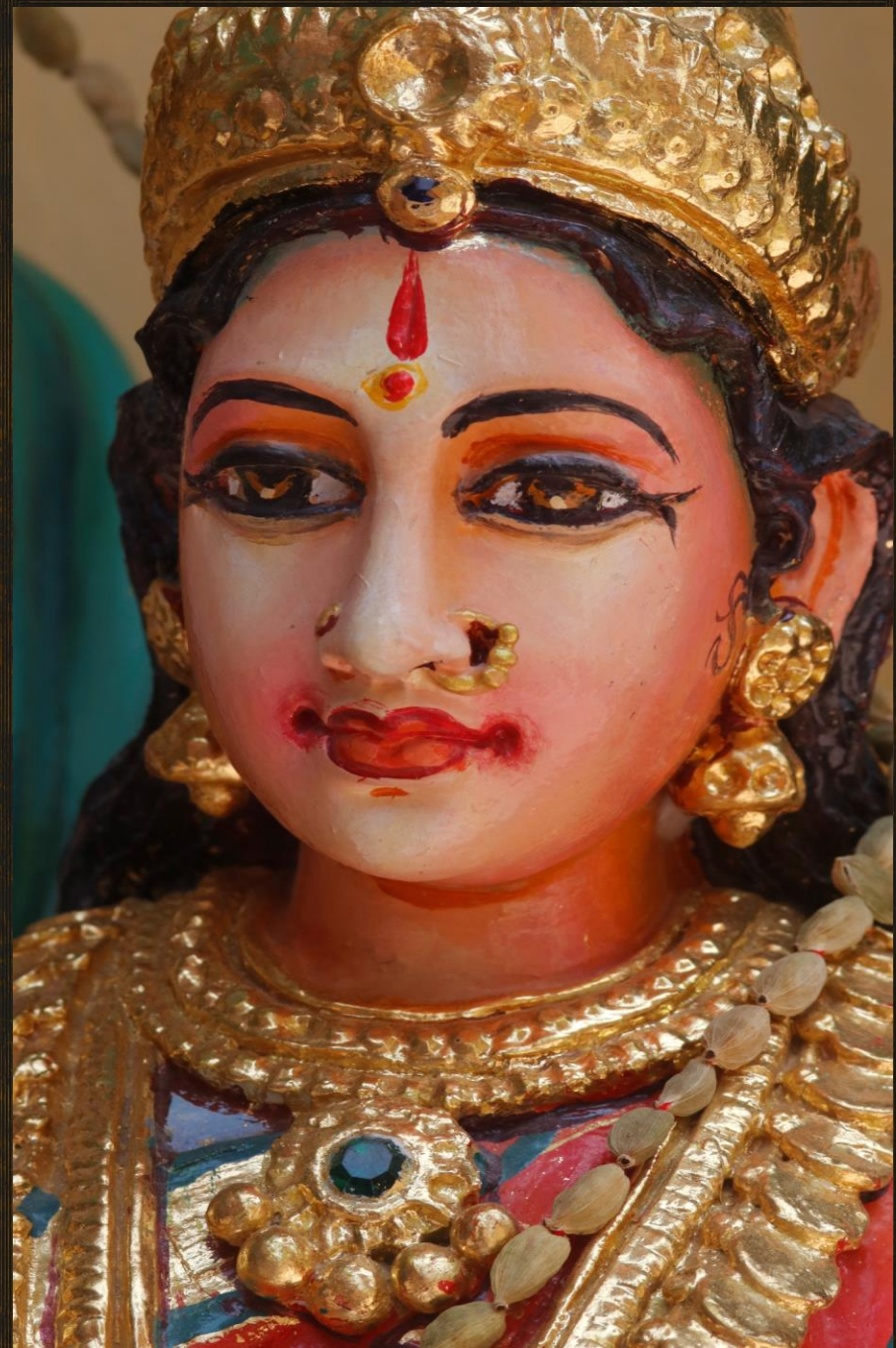








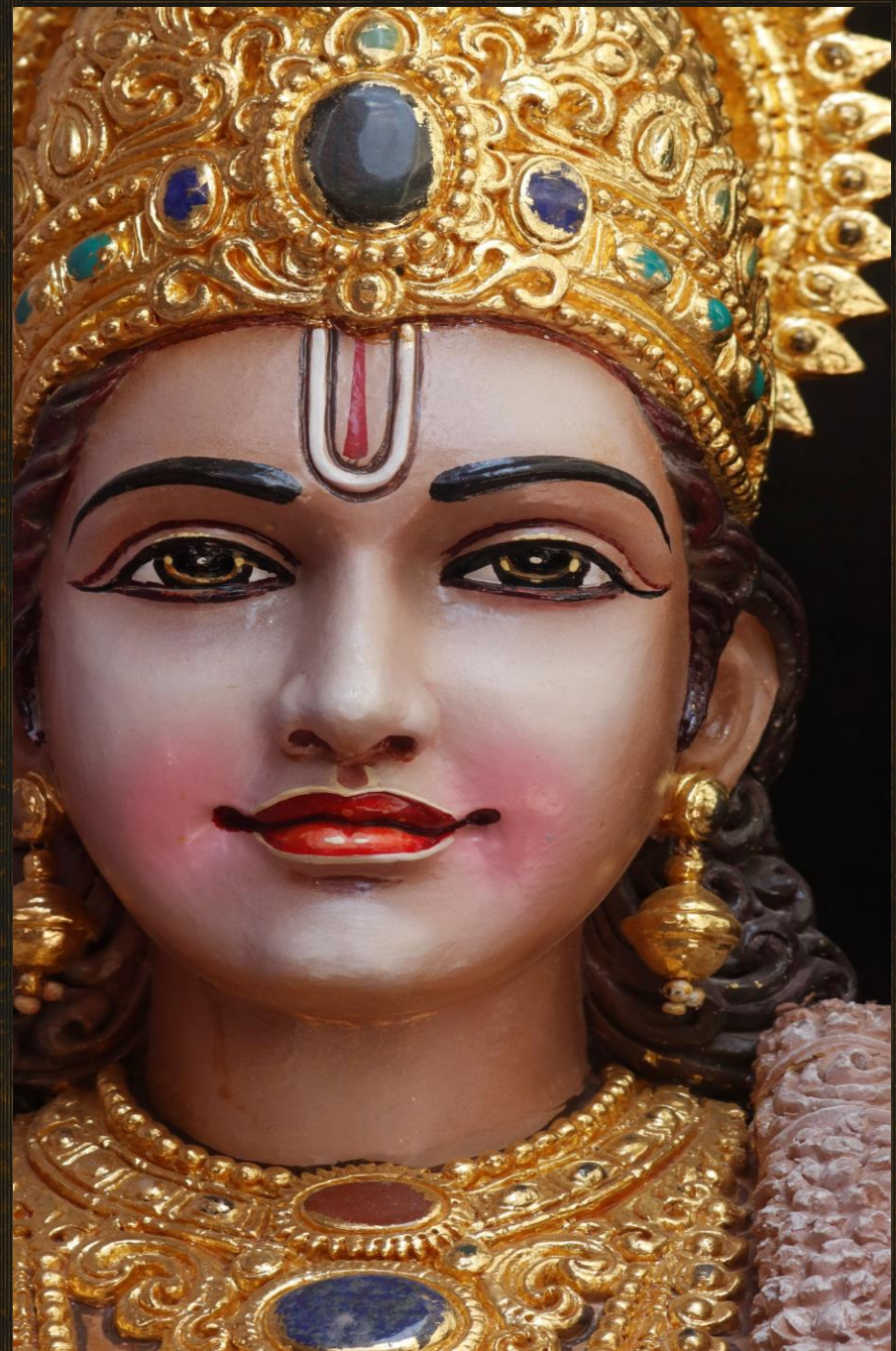








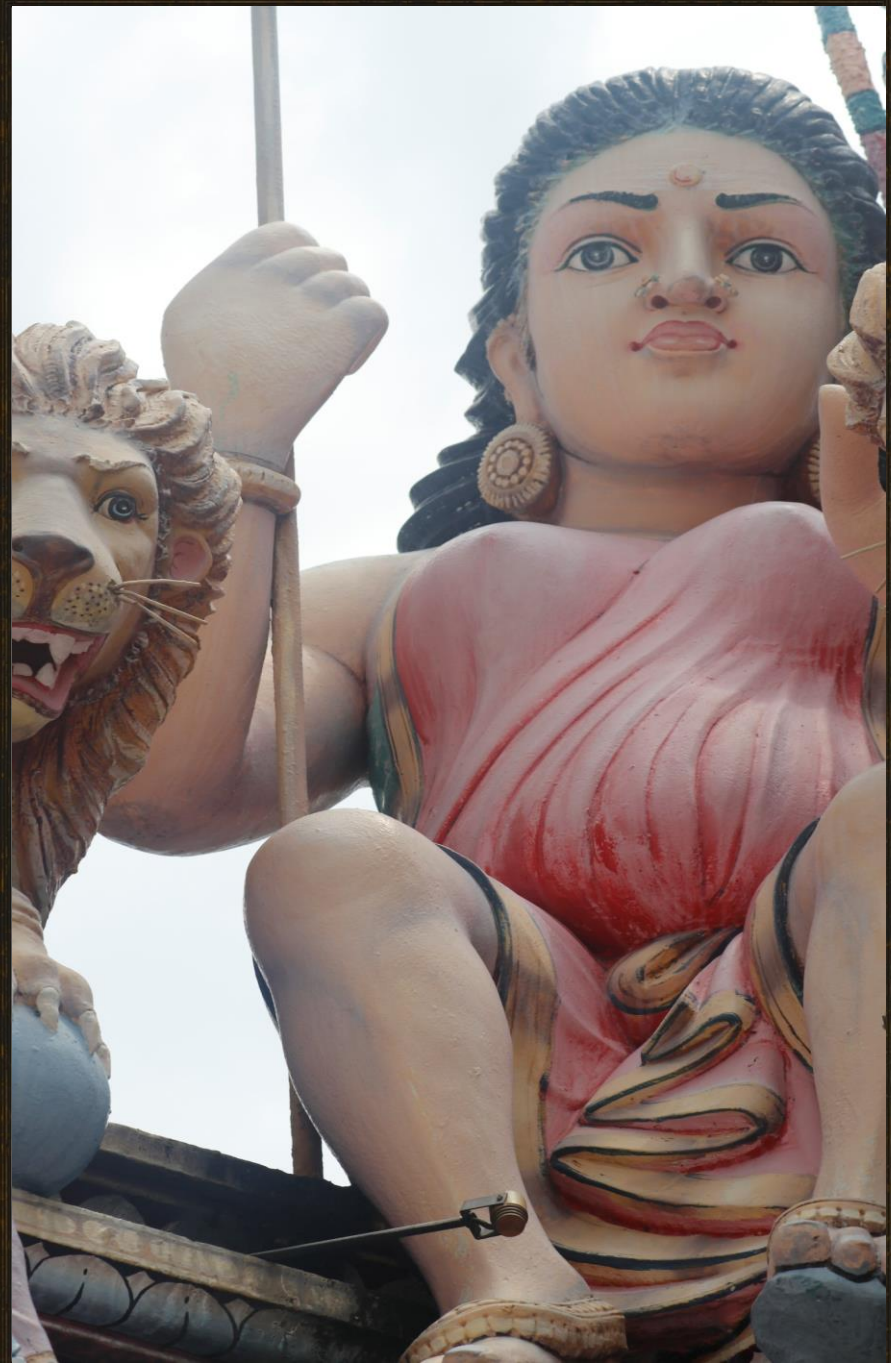
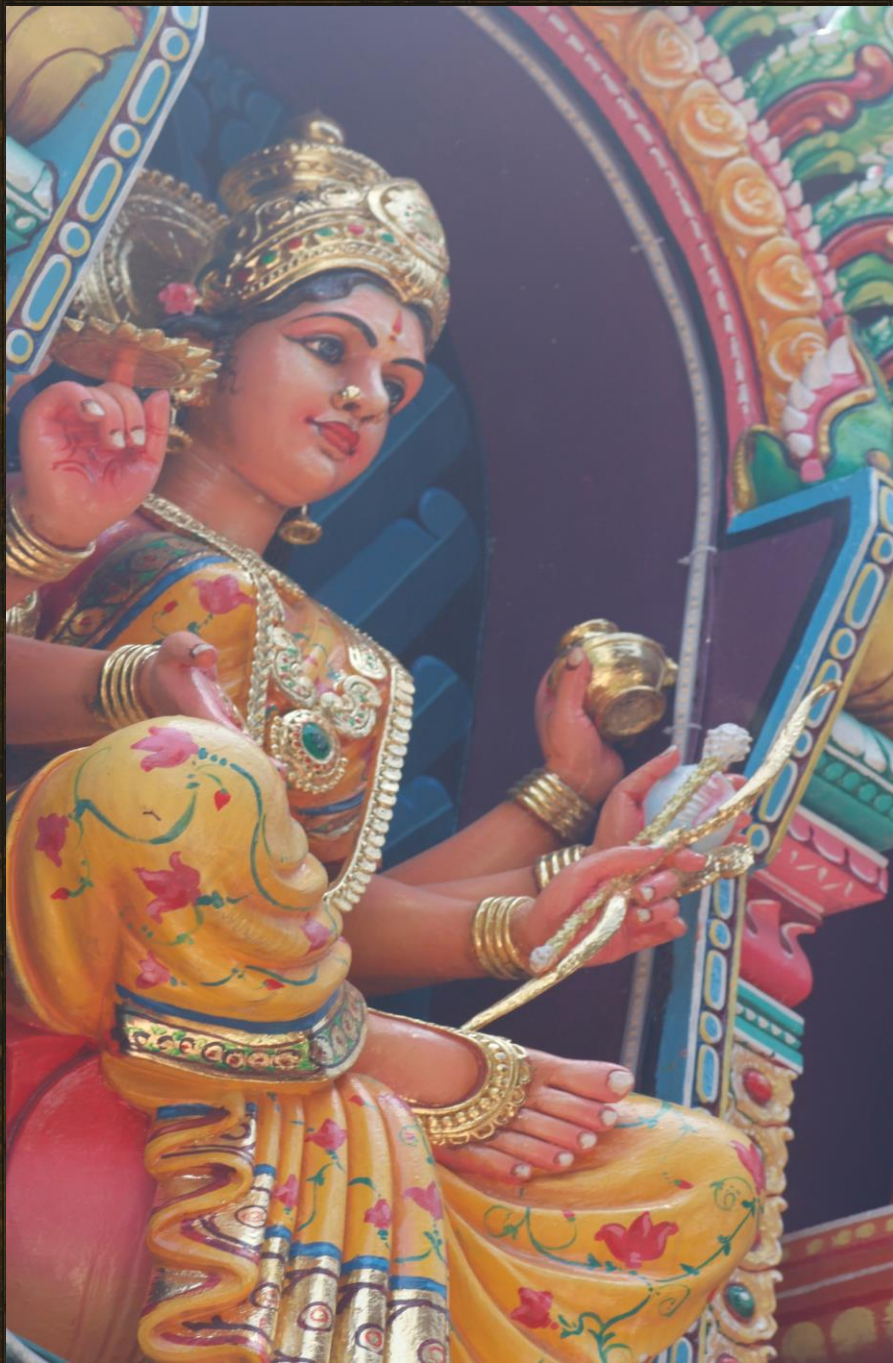
















































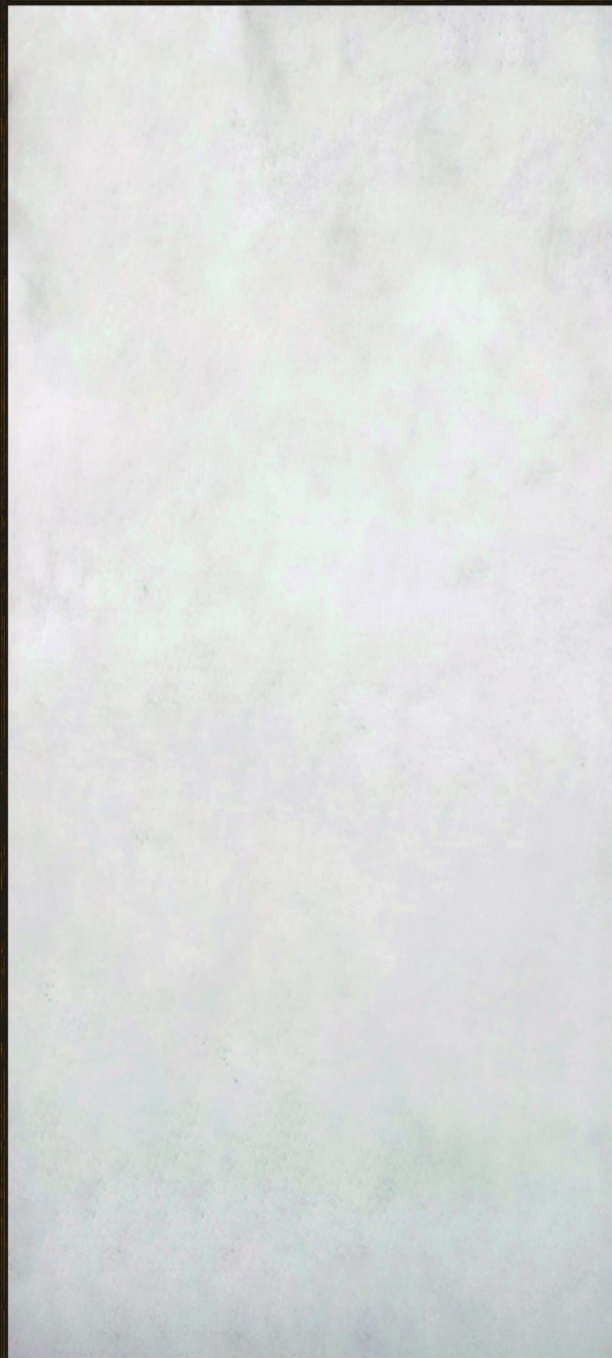
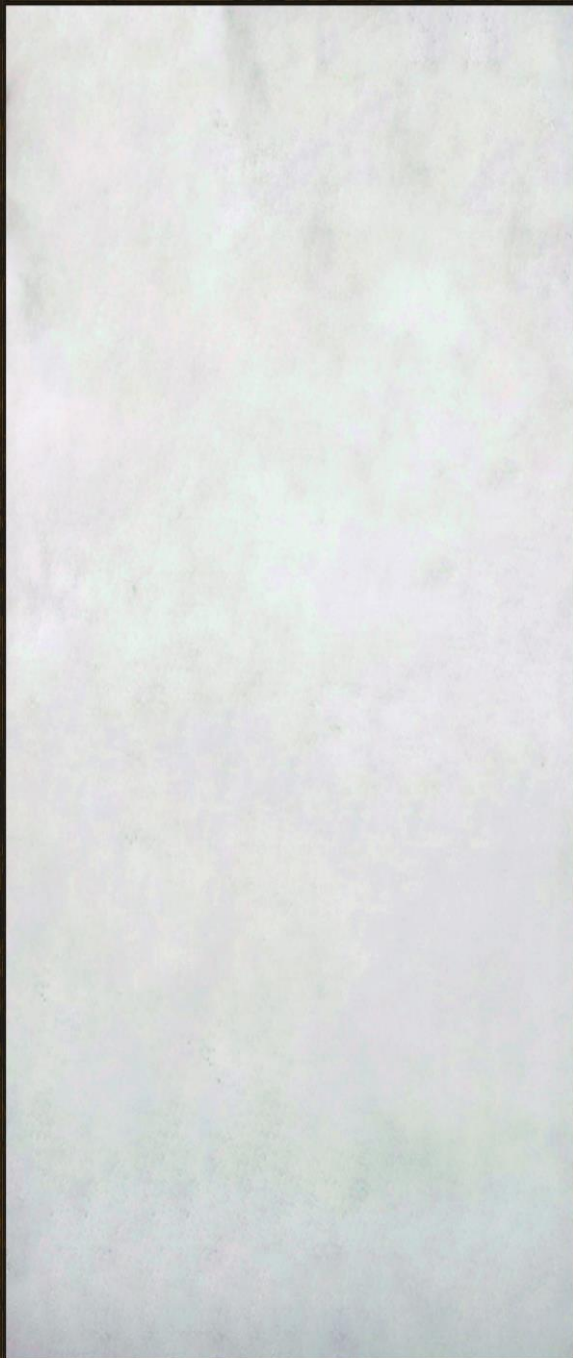






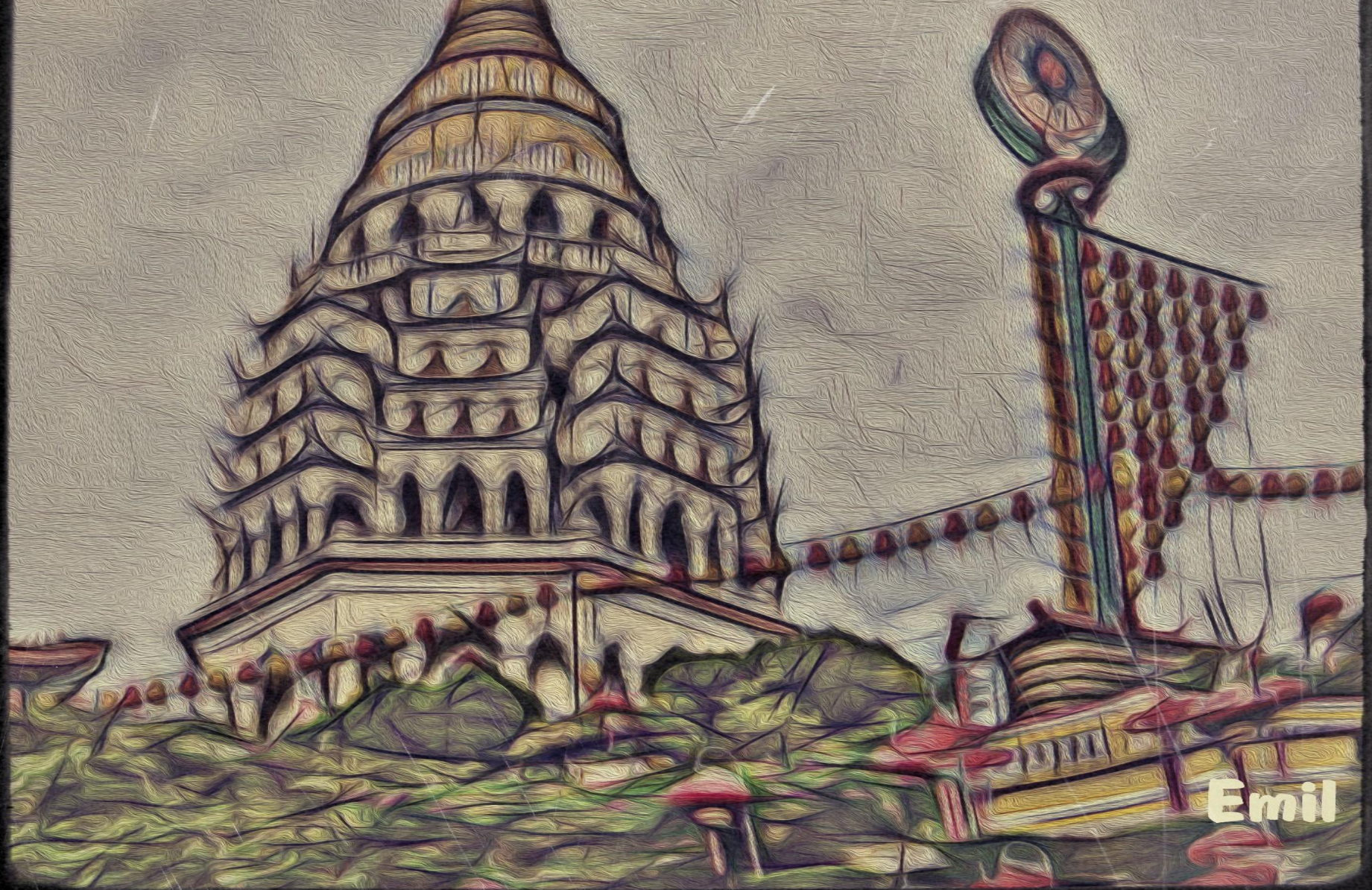






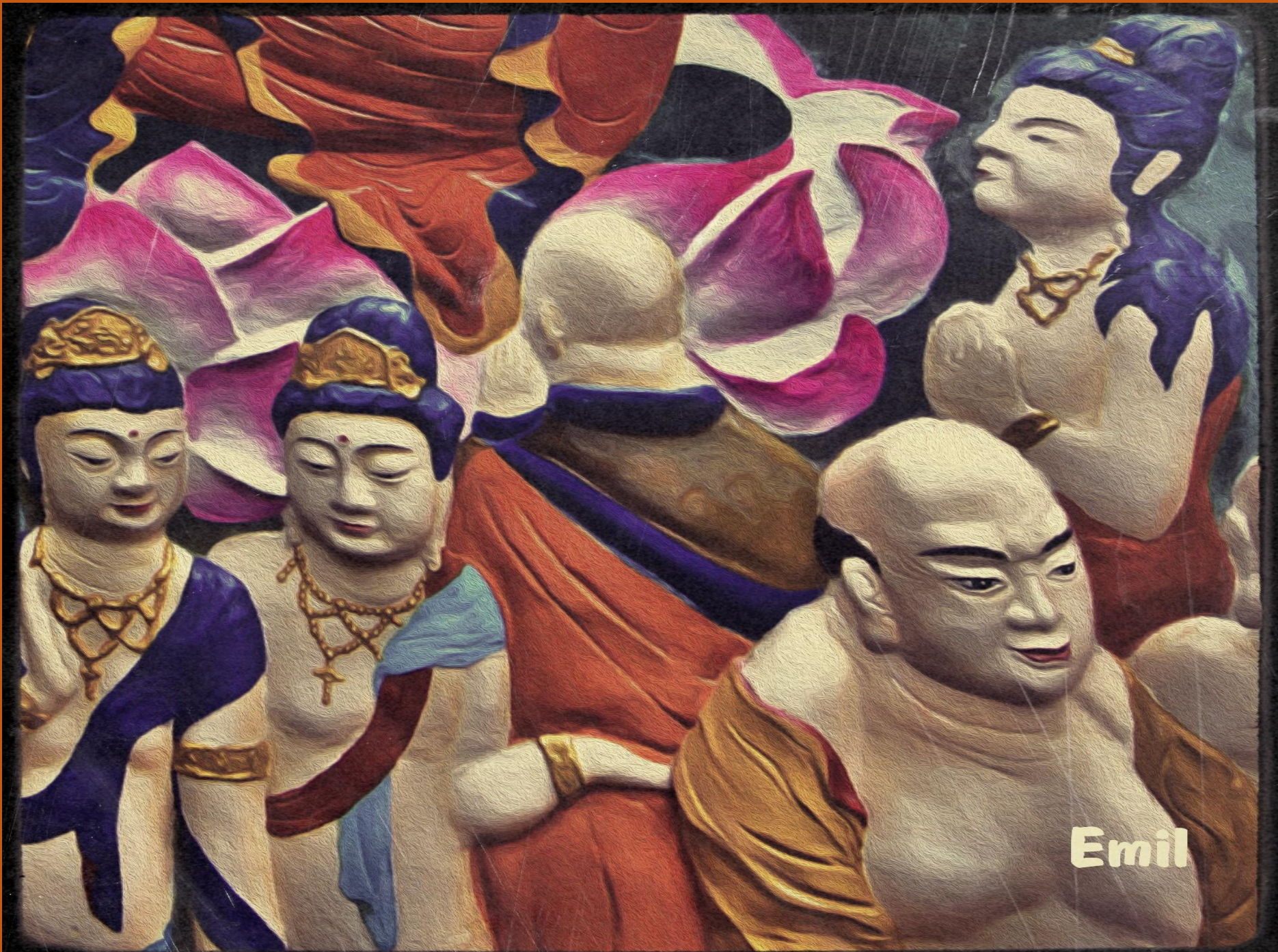


# A HABITUDE DISPOSITION



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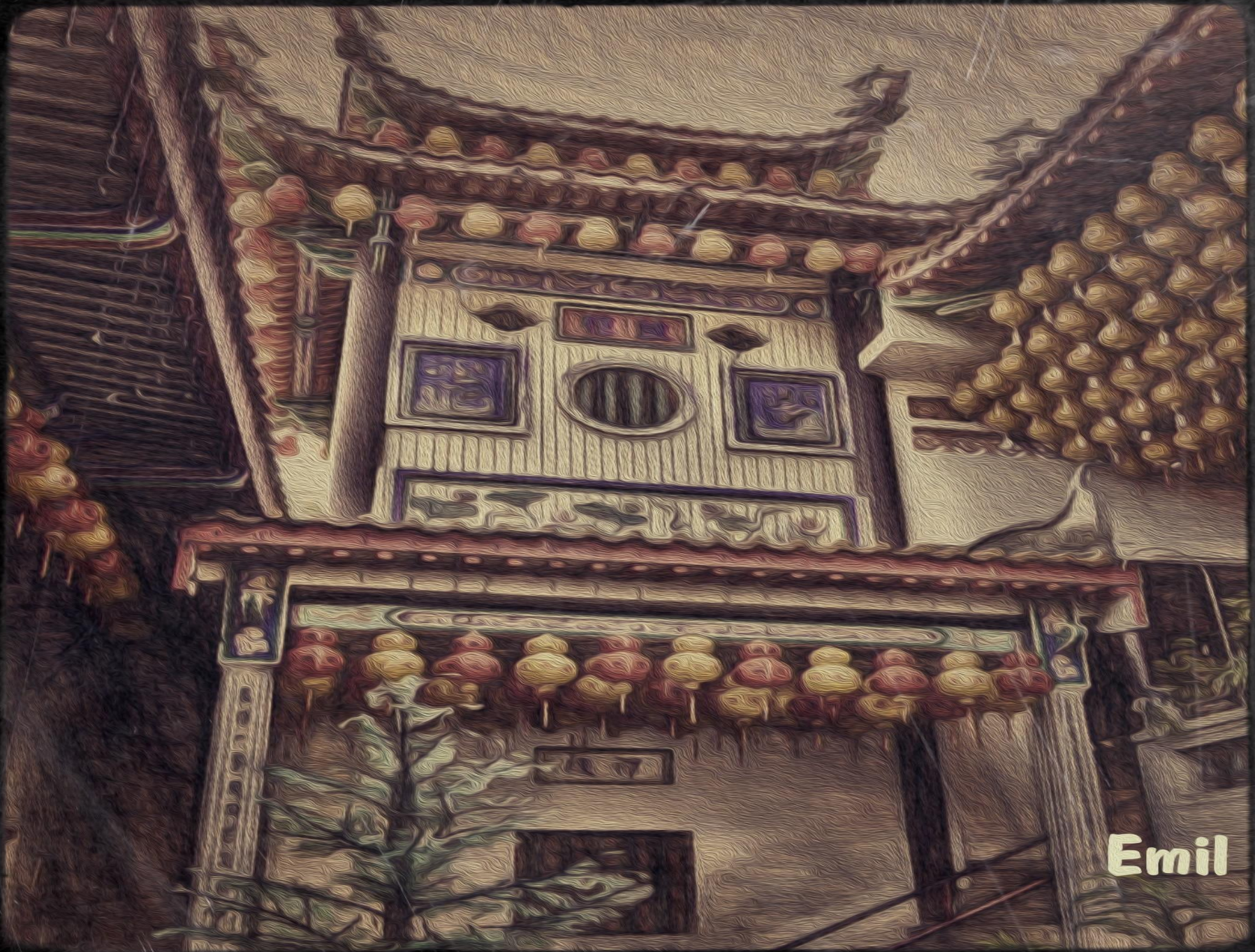
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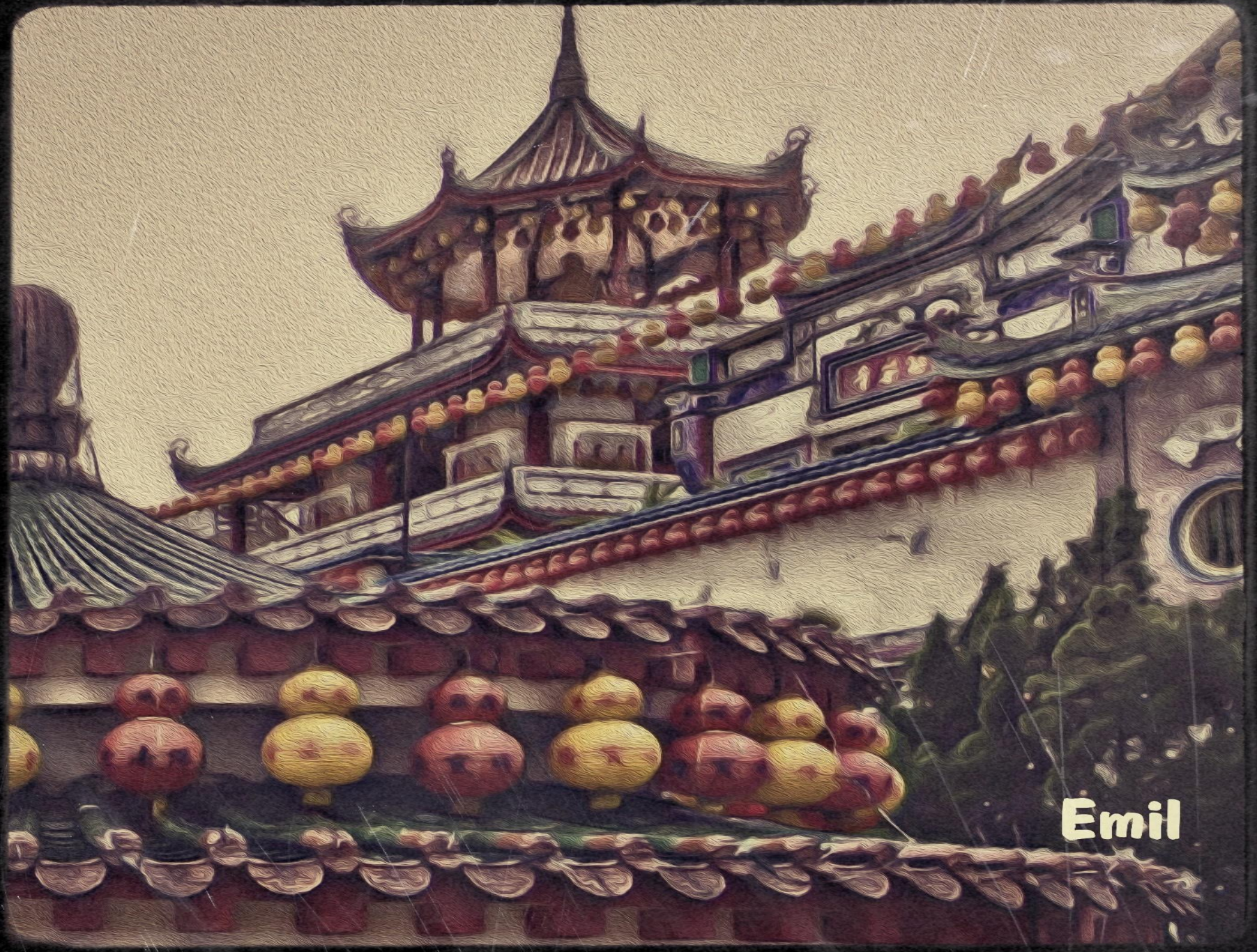
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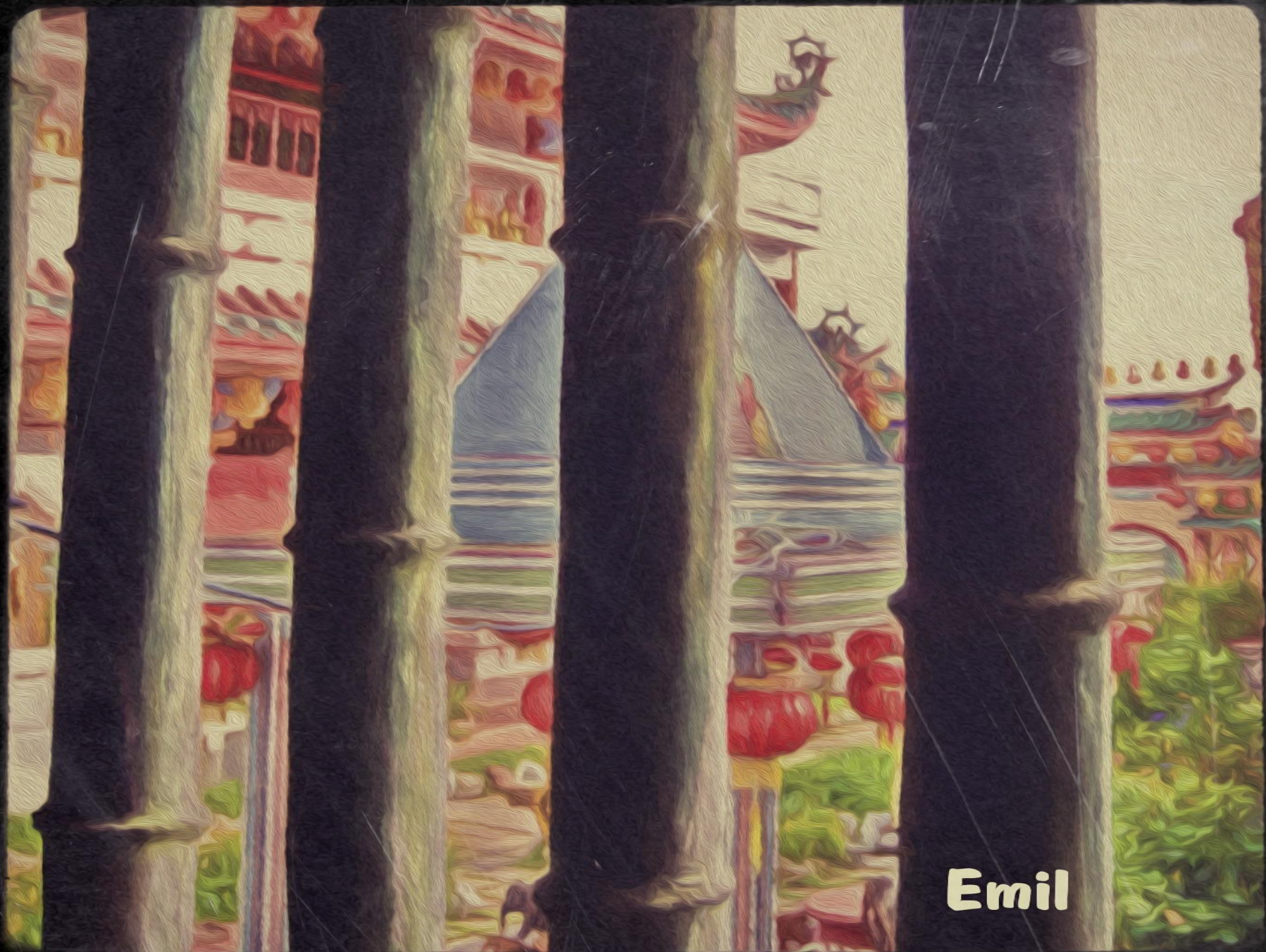
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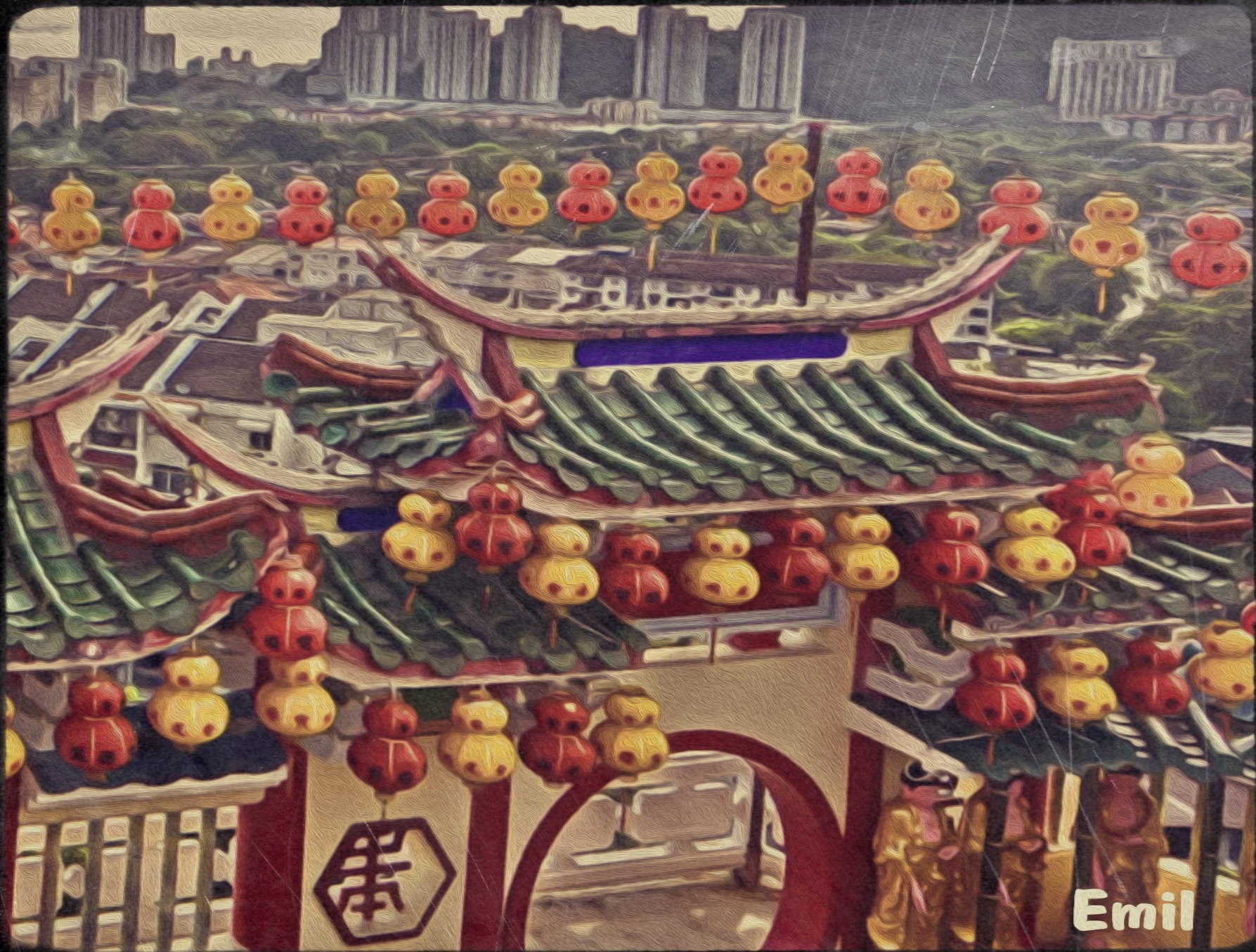
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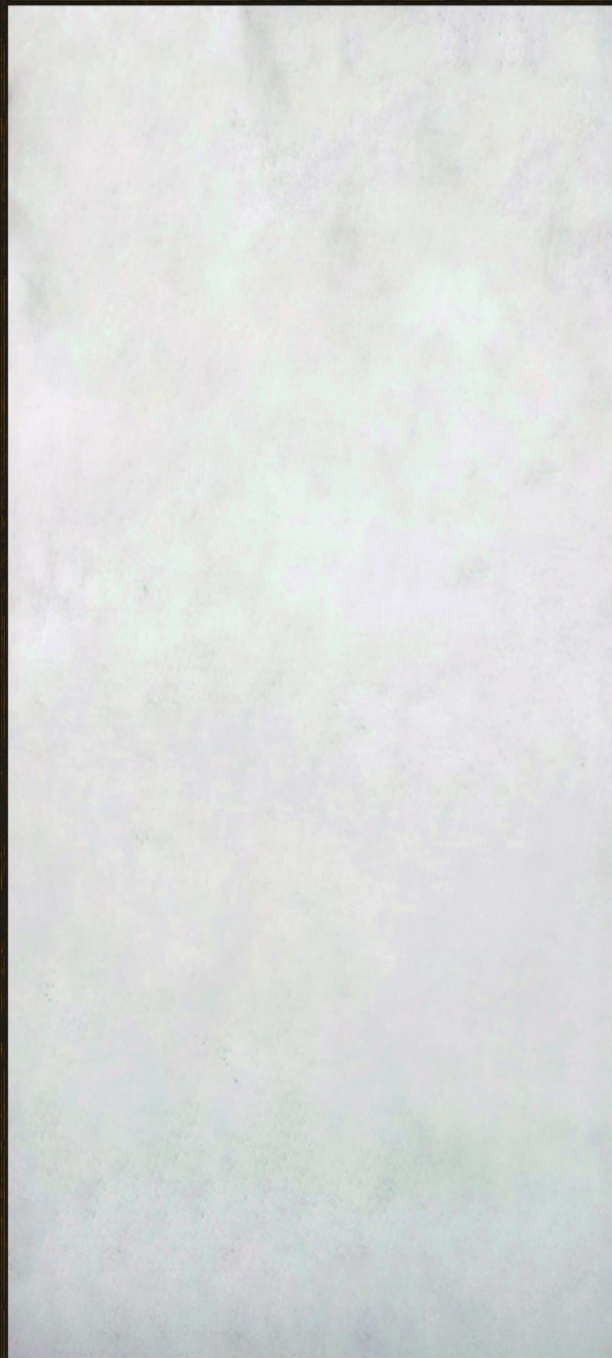
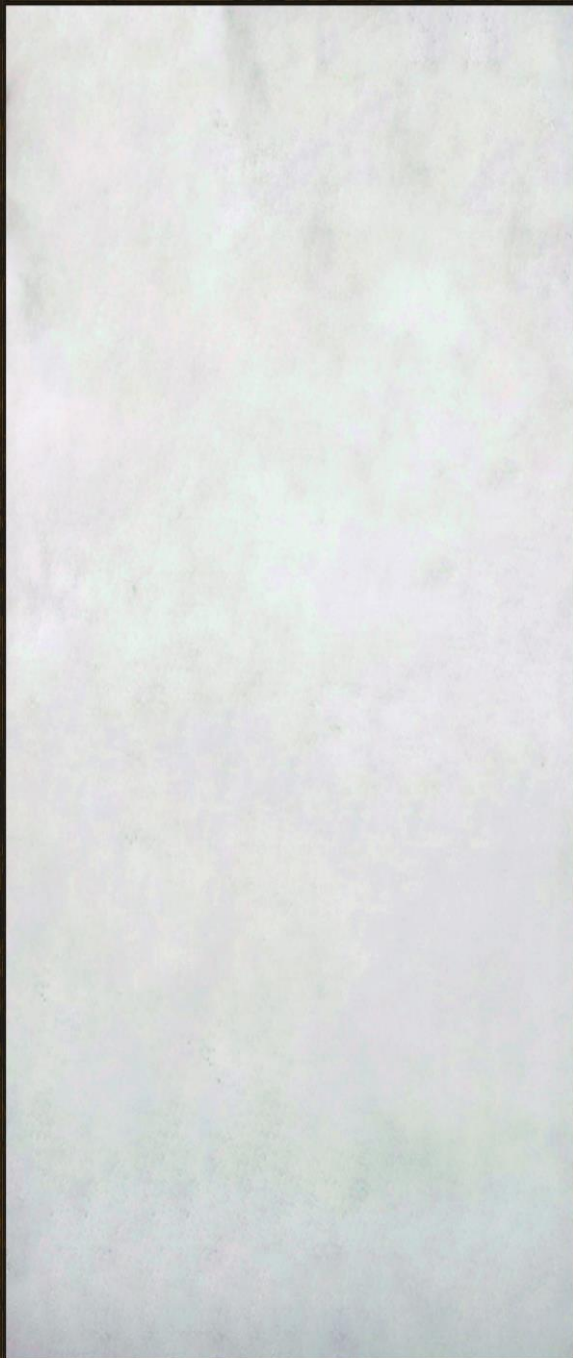
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# BEING INDISCREET IN THE GREAT TRIBULATION

BY EMIL WEST

Emil



PORTAL TO EMIL LAND...PLZ TELEX AHEAD OF ARRIVAL



<https://www.facebook.com/emil.west.5249/>





## EMIL WEST

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### About EMIL WEST

The new founder of The Revolutionary Cadre for Artistic Freedom. You too can become a part of the Revolutionary Cadre for Artistic Freedom to be able to afford a decent meal or pay the overdue water bill by buying my books...Indeed, you can Comrade Book Buyer!

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Are you an author?



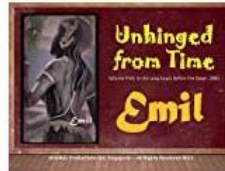
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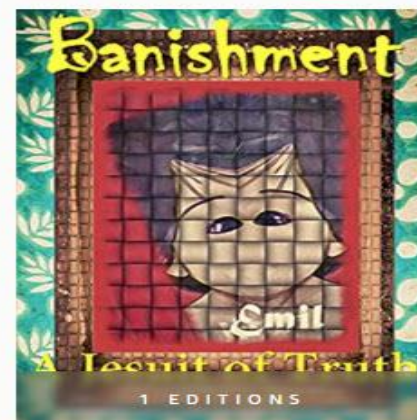
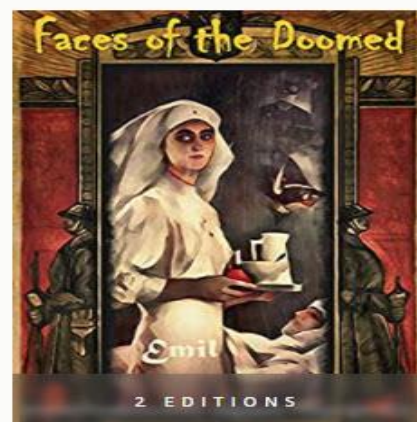
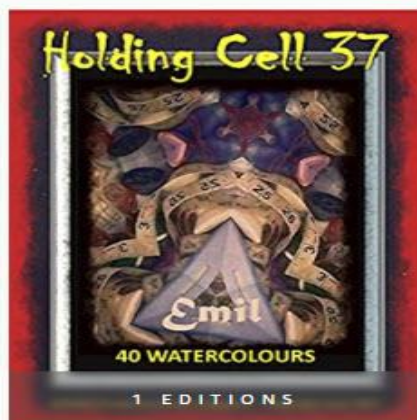
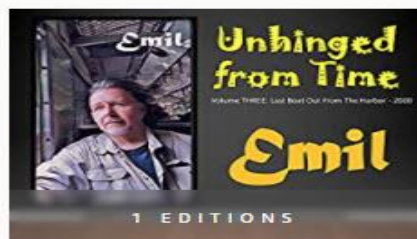
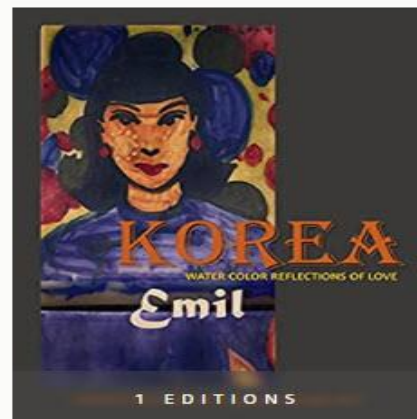
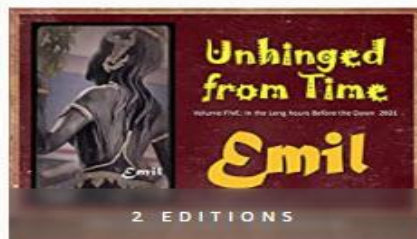
### Author Updates



### Titles By EMIL WEST

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"HANGING WITH HUNTER AT THE MGM VEGAS"

Emil



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## HANGING WITH HUNTER AT THE MGM VEGAS Apr 4, 2020

by Emil West , Emil West , Seine LaGone

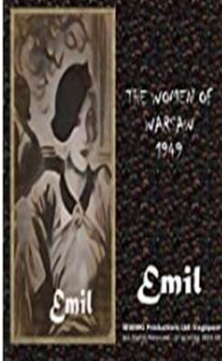
\$1.99

HANGING WITH HUNTER AT THE MGM VEGAS

Early morning, crisp bite to the air, even at this hour; there are cars soaring down the strip...an occasional security guard acting all bad

✓ [Read more](#)

Trying to Find a Better Day!



## Trying to Find a Better Day!: THE WOMEN OF WARSAW 1949 Mar 21, 2020

by Emil West , Seine LaGone

\$2.99

IT'S EMIL'S TIME!

After a lifetime fraught with what seems to be an endless flash of great opportunities, offering the continual and daunting possibilities of success mixed (not stirred) with Emil's consorted effort(s) to kick good fortune each time it came and even when it bites him on the bottom; with all this, one might start to challenge the sheer notion of the above

✓ [Read more](#)

"At the Edge of Emil's World..."

Penang



## At the Edge of Emil's World...Penang Mar 10, 2020

by Emil West , Seine LaGone

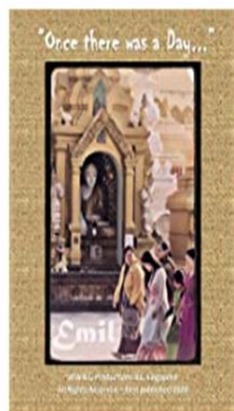
\$2.99

ARE YOU ALL HERE???

Thank Goodness...with all the craziness going on and the frightful sights and video coming out of the plague's hot zones...(Can I say this? Our legal teams is debating this at this very moment)

✓ [Read more](#)





### Once there was a Day...: "Yangon Folk Art from the 1800's" Feb 4, 2020

by Emil West , Seine LaGone

**\$2.99**

Like the lyrics of an ancient folk-era song and to paraphrase that brilliant song ever so badly; I ask a question that has become a heated, angered discussion here at WWWG...

"Where have all you Emil Fans Gone?"

According to our corporate accountant brain trust, Emil's sales have dropped off the charts – not that they were ever great to start with and I am at a total lost as to what reason(s)

✓ [Read more](#)



### OTAGINENBUTJI TEMPLE – Book 3: "THE TEMPLE OF A THOUSAND FACES" Jan 12, 2020

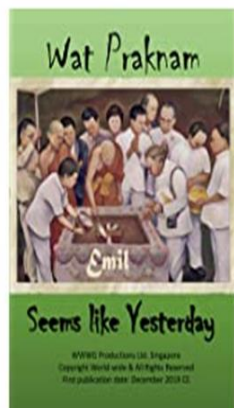
by Emil West , Seine LaGone

**\$2.99**

SUNDAY AFTERNOON @ THE TEMPLE OF A 1000 FACES...

I do keep coming back because of all the places here in Kyoto, only here is it possible to utilize the Temple's quietness and the peacefulness of all the surrounding forest to actually be alone with my thoughts...

✓ [Read more](#)



### Wat Praknam: Seems like Yesterday Dec 19, 2019

by Emil West , Seine LaGone

**\$2.99**

TO ALL EMIL FANS...THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT!

We deeply appreciate your continued devotion to helping us bring Emil's work to the world and that for some unknown reason (we haven't figured it out) you seem to have adopted buying Emil's books as your good deed; you must see it as building merit for your next life time.

✓ [Read more](#)





## Hear the Distant Thunder Dec 5, 2019

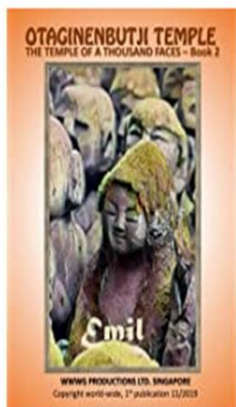
by Emil West , Seine LaGone

**\$2.99**

HOLD ON TO YOUR PANTALOONS...EMIL FANS!

When Emil first approached me with the outline for this book, my first response was more attune to "Haven't we beat that dog (the War) enough?" and I went on to express my earnest opinion that most regular readers are well aware of wartime experiences and in how we declared our own peace treaty with the German Empire, left the war and went to

✓ [Read more](#)



## OTAGINENBUTJI TEMPLE Book 2: THE TEMPLE OF A THOUSAND FACES Nov 22, 2019

by Emil West , Emil West , Seine LaGone

**\$2.99**

At this point, about page 40, after a long, drawn out discussion (argument/fight) between Mr. Charles (WWWG's Crack Accounting Chief) and a totally pissed off Emil over what his contract said or didn't say in regards to WWWG's right to edit or restructure his work for the benefit of WWWG Sales and/or promotions.

Mr. Charles was correct that WWWG did/does have the right to edit Emil's book into multiple volumes and that Emil (by signing) agreed to the fact that this would not effect the

✓ [Read more](#)



## OTAGINENBUTJI TEMPLE: NEAR THE TEMPLE OF A THOUSAND FACES Book 1 Nov 6, 2019

by Emil West , Seine LaGone

**\$2.99**

WELCOME TO THE WORLD THAT EMIL CREATED!

It might as well had snowed today here in Singapore, we might as well have seen pigs flying in formation over the office of WWWG as we are gonna publish yet another temple book from Emil.

✓ [Read more](#)





**Emil West** is in Singapore.



1 min · 🌐 ▼

NEW PHOTOS ADDED...

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/emilinsingapore/>



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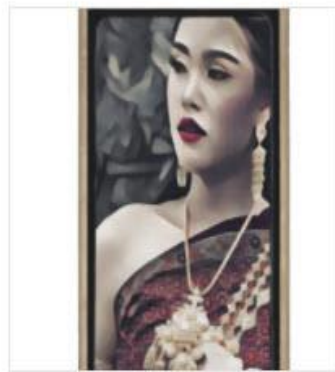
**Emil West**

I'm just the corporate sharecropper, the poor artist at the wrong end of the money stick!

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